



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 3

July 2018

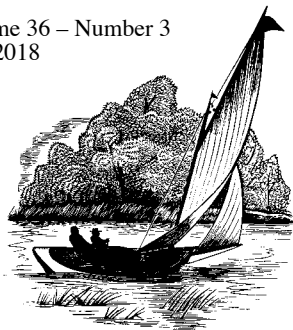
Some Features in This Issue
34th Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet
The Stuff of a Good Story - Earth Day on the Ipswich
The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886 - Pedal Across the Atlantic
Back to the Future... What Does Rowing Offer Today?
A Canoeing Reminiscence - Changes - Building Trilars



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 36 – Number 3
July 2018



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043

Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Too late to get into this issue was the launching on June 2 of a 38' replica Viking ship at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in nearby Essex, Massachusetts. I'll have more on this in the August issue. Rowing was brought to mind as the owner, Stuart Boyd, while taking out folks for sailing and rowing sessions in Gloucester Harbor this summer, will indeed have the folks onboard pulling on really long sweeps as part of the intended experiential education he plans to offer. It seems that pulling on the oars of a multi oared boat is a good exercise in "team building," a goal of Stuart's aimed at inspiring greater team efforts amongst corporate staffers he might entice area (greater Boston) businesses to send over for a day in Gloucester harbor, exercising teamwork. More details next issue. If you just can't wait, go to www.NORSVALD.com for the whole story.

As I mentioned in an earlier issue I have experienced a modest rekindling of some interest in taking up rowing again after almost 30 years of paddling kayaks. In the beginning it was rowing a Swampscott Dory which I would build that set my course to where I am now, but that did not happen. We did get an Old Town Rowboat to restore and row for a couple of years, but then we settled on paddling kayaks, singles and doubles, for now about 30 years. I liked seeing where I was going and also the handier nature of a kayak on gunkholing outings.

When we were rowing our Old Town Rowboat in those early '80s I attempted to address the backward facing issue with a look at forward facing oars. The photo below shows a friend trying a set operated with connecting links at a Mystic Small Craft meet. Is that a puzzled look? They worked fine but the personal orientation of my bodily rowing motion and the direction of the boat's travel was gonna take some getting used to, somewhat like driving on the left when we were

in England many years ago. I never did follow up other than a failed attempt to build a set with a geared joint at the oarlock location like some then available from Tennessee. They were too heavy and there was too much friction in the gears, no doubt due to inexact spacing of the gear pins.

The immediate stimulation of this renewed interest in rowing was my acquisition of the 1929 Old Town rowboat and, soon thereafter, of the 20' Navigator rowing/sailing skiff I'm reporting on in recent issues as they undergo reconditioning in my shop.

It just happened also that a rowing subject for our "25 Years Ago in MAIB" feature this month came to hand. Andre deBardalen's learned treatise on pages 24-27, "Back to the Future...What Does Rowing Offer Today?" (in 1993). Andre presented this paper at the 1992 US Rowing Association annual convention in an effort to stave off the USRA decision, taken afterwards heedless of Andre's pitch, to disband its recreational rowing committee it had set up to encourage the sort of rowing that Andre discusses in his paper.

We also have in this issue another installment of Keith Muscott's ongoing history of "The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886," beginning on page 12, in which truly heroic rowing efforts at saving lives from ships foundering on England's stormy shores illustrate the significant service rowing provided to navigation in that era.

So where will my return fit into the local rowing picture when it happens, most likely in the Navigator as the Old Town is at least a year away from the water. I have mentioned earlier that friend Capt Gnat is also wishing to take up rowing while he carries on his long term catboat restoration. To begin we'll just be fining out if we wanna carry on going backwards for sport. If we do, who knows where it will lead.



On the Cover...

Dave and Helen Lucas are all smiles as they head for the beach in Dave's melonseed, *Laylah*, at Cedar Key in early May. So were many others at this annual spring gathering, and we have five pages of photos showing why starting on page 6.

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The prescription on my pain meds bottle reads, "...use, as needed..." Somehow I tend to think the authority behind a prescription like that is similar to those signs that now remain posted along our highways year around, "Caution Bridge May be Icy." OK, that's not a lot of real time help. Basically I still have to decide how many is too many pills and how fast is too fast driving across those bridges.

Spring has come, more or less, to the crossing of 48° north and 117° west. Still freezing overnight. Daytime temps twisting and turning around 60ish when the sun comes out. And here I sit, no boats in the water. One of those "...bridge may be icy..." kinda circumstances. Basically my hand surgeon told me that I'd likely be taking a lot more of those pain pills if I didn't avoid lifting and pulling on things that were "too heavy."

I took that to mean things like boat trailer winches, and jib sheet winches, and anchor winches, and motor starting ropes. No doubt that includes main sheets and mooring lines and such, too. But jeez! There is a group cruise this weekend, yesterday, today and tomorrow. The long range forecast has been "sunny and nice." Almost like one of those signs finally saying, "...This bridge is clear of ice. Expect good traction." Granted, nobody "in authority" is likely to stick their bureaucratic neck out that far. But that forecast was downright enticing. Sure got me to second guessing the sawbones who put those grain sack stitches across my palm over a week ago. It was a definite temptation to

The Stuff of a Good Story

By Dan Rogers

hook *Lady Bug* up and head down to where the party was planned for. But I didn't.

And now that sunny and nice forecast has shifted to "gusts out of the southwest in the 30s." I should add that there are still snow piles adjacent to where I park some of the fleet. That would indicate water temps not a whole lot above freezing. But hey, the tulips are encroaching on the snow piles in a backyard flower bed. Optimism comes in all colors, especially green.

This morning, as the sun came up, the trees were twisting and turning. Winds aloft had that definite freight train appearance, scudding ragged clouds across our little patch of celestial dome from the southwest. That's our normal storm quadrant. The group I wish I could have joined was "scheduled" to be at anchor someplace on a largish lake about 75 or 100 miles to the south of us. All I know is what I read on email these days. Maybe I'll have to rename Frankenwerke The Hermitage.

First it was a no holds barred winter of gettarduns and then protracted snowfall well into April. Now this surgery thing. Talk about being antsy for an underway period. Just about any excuse will suffice. And now it's blowing like stink. Probably will, most of the day yet.

Our local pond is pretty gnarly and the surrounding hills have a new dusting of snow. This is the third week of April. Whoda thunk?

Dunno if they went and are holed up someplace this morning. Dunno if they stayed home. Dunno even if I would have launched and headed out myself. But I do know this. Most of what we take as "dangerous" is just mildly inconvenient, ranging up to damned uncomfortable. A well found vessel will, most of the time, continue to float on top. She will continue to take care of her people, even after they have stopped taking care of her. I do know that if we don't understand that an adventure might shift to a moment of or two of actual fear we will likely never bother to show up a second time. And that would be a truly sad state of affairs.


The real trick is being prepared to deal with circumstances as they arise. There is simply only one way to get experience. The expression goes, "If you are thinking about reefing, then it's time to reef." Only one way to know when it's time to think about reefing. Only one good way to know when it's time to head home or not to head out. We have to at least show up and take a good look at it. Here I sit, warm and dry and wishing I was "out there with them." Even if they got to the ramp and decided to "wait a bit." Even if.

A good sea story never starts out "...I remember the time it was sooooo calm, and sunny, and warm..." I kept the boat at home, on the trailer, and took a nap in front of the TV..." Nope.



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Hull Lifesaving Museum South Shore Youth Rowing Summer 2018

Boston Harbor is our playground in this South Shore rowing program from July 10 to August 14, Tuesdays 5:15pm to 7:15pm. Participants come to The Hull Lifesaving Museum Boathouse at Windmill Point in Hull to embark on voyages of discovery, each day choosing a different island or shoreline to explore, a different boat to row, a new way to engage with peers as well as our environment. Our coed program is for students in middle school and high school. No experience is needed, only enthusiasm and a sense of adventure! Crews will row in traditional open water gigs with four to six rowers and an experienced HLM coxswain.

Visit hulllifesavingmuseum.org for information and to register or contact Elizabeth at (781) 925-5433 or elizabeth@hulllifesavingmuseum.org

Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA



Maine Small Craft Celebration Sharing the Joy of Small Boats

Late September along the coast of Maine is a special time of the year. The lowering sun casts elongated shadows while the air draws crisp and trees give a hint of the color spectacular to come. Time spent on the water is cherished as we know the seasons, they are a changin'. This fall will really be special as Portland Yacht Services, Chase Small Craft, the Traditional Small Craft Association Downeast Chapter and Off Center Harbor will be presenting the Maine Small Craft Celebration over the autumnal equinox at the PYS's newest facility located at 100 West Commercial St in Portland.

This inaugural Maine Small Craft Celebration will be a two day event held on the shores of the Fore River in Portland on September 22-23, 2018. Small boats, sail, oar

and power will be on display on the water and on land. Demonstrations, workshops and lectures will be given throughout the event focusing on building, operating and maintaining small boats.

The goal of the MSCC is to share the joy and appreciation of small boats, how they can be built by anyone, enjoyed safely on the water and used to attract the next generation to Maine's waters, our boating traditions and the maritime professions. We want it to be fun, inexpensive and enduring.

The most unique feature will be the "Try it Like it" dockside experience where designers and builders will be there to discuss and demonstrate their boats and visitors will be able to take them for a test "drive" after learning the particulars about that craft. Also, on the water there will be demonstrations on rigging and rowing techniques and boat tours of the Portland harbor. Small boat races, rowing, sailing and power will be scheduled both days and can be easily viewed from the newly constructed docks and seawall along PYS's 2,500' river frontage.

Off the waterfront, in addition to having boats to sail, there will be boats for sale as there will be an area for individuals and brokers to market their boats. Exhibitors will be on hand to allow visitors to interact with some of various maritime businesses and non profits that operate along the Maine coast. There will be a children's area with marine related crafts, a juried boat contest, a nautical flea market and more.

And what celebration would be complete without food and entertainment? There will be bluegrass played from the deck of a local schooner, groups of buskers playing throughout the weekend and vendors providing local food and craft beer.

Be sure to mark your calendar. While this celebration may mark the end of the boating season, it is really the start of the next boat planning and dreaming season! If you would like to participate or would like more information you can contact us at info@SmallCraftCelebration.com or visit our website: SmallCraftCelebration.com

Steve Brookman, President, TSCA Downeast Chapter, Blue Hill, ME



Another North Shore TSCA Season

As our North Shore (Massachusetts) TSCA Chapter enters into its summer hiatus, it seems like a good time to refresh our memories about all the fun stuff we did over the past year:

September: Matt Billey showed off the ultra traditional 27' Danish gaff cutter he built.

October: Bart Snow showed photos from an epic sailing trip to Newfoundland aboard his Freedom 40.

November: Susanne Altenberger started our Unintentional But Totally Planned Viking Odyssey by discussing the Bolger and Friends 38' plywood, trailerable viking long ship that was launched in Germany a few years back.

December: The Viking Odyssey continued with Stuart Boyd discussing his Norsvald project which will bring a Viking ship to the Gloucester shores, not for plunder but for charter. I've just read that *Polaris* has successfully sailed (over highways, of course) from the West Coast to the East and has now safely arrived in the yard outside Essex Shipbuilding where she awaits her final commissioning. Hearty congratulations to Stuart!

January: We were treated to a tour of Redd's Pond Boatworks in Marblehead by boat builder/owner Doug Park.

February: Harold Burnham discussed families and boat building, specifically the rebuilding of a Friendship sloop by his son Alden that Harold's father had originally built years ago.

March: Steve and Alix of Acorn to *Arabella* came by to discuss their ambitious project to build a 37' Atkin Ingrid ketch from scratch and then sail it around the world. I actually learned an interesting tidbit after the meeting, I got the sense that Steve and Alix had limited sailing experience, but what I didn't realize is that Steve has never actually sailed before, and moreover refuses to even step foot on a sailing boat until *Arabella* is completed and he can step aboard a boat created by his own hands. These guys are doing it their own way! It will be a fascinating project to watch unfold in future years.

April: We joined Lowell's Boat Shop for the fascinating Archaeology of a Pirate Ship where treasure hunter/underwater explorer Barry Clifford discussed his discovery and recovery of Sam Bellamy's pirate ship *Whydah*.

May: End of monthly meetings season cruise on *Ardelle*!

Thanks so much to all of the folks who have taken the time and effort to share their stories with our group. And thanks to all the TSCA members who support our group and allow us all to "talk boats" together every month!

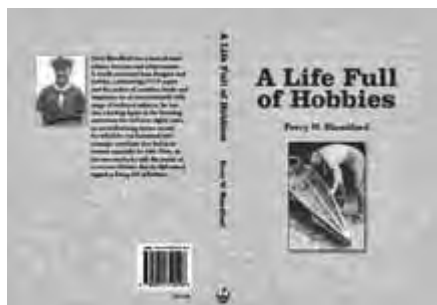
Nathan Burgess, Chief Meteorologist (default), North Shore Traditional Small Craft Association, facebook.com/northshoretsca

Information of Interest...

Percy Blandford Autobiography

I have been in communication with Diane Naested, Percy Blandford's granddaughter. Blandford bequeathed his entire archives to her. She was responsible for getting his autobiography, written at age 95, published. I've purchased a copy and am enjoying it immensely. It's so much more than simply information about a naval architect and boat related references. His clear concise way of writing makes for smooth enjoyable reading, a benefit compounded by his dry sense of humor. His account of how kayaks were introduced to England is fascinating. This is a book that *Messing About in Boats* readers would thoroughly enjoy. I would even guess it warrants a book review.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ



Information Wanted...

How Big?

When my friend and I built our skiff way back in junior high the size was determined by our local lumberyard having 10' sheets of plywood. I've known several people who have built, or bought, boats the size of which was determined by the size of their garages. Obviously, if one is going to trailer a boat size restrictions come into play. The SACPAS that has consumed many pages in this magazine was sized to fit into a shipping container.

When such restrictions are not a factor I often wonder how a boat ends up being 39', 42' etc. They certainly come in all lengths and sizes. Does a client come in and say I want a specific length? Does the client have specific needs and a boat is designed around them?

Maybe those who do the designing may want to cover this as a subject.

John Smith, Hamilton, NJ

The Hudson River Maritime Museum is pleased to announce the opening of its new 2018 exhibit, "The Hudson River and Its Canals: Building the Empire State," took place in April. The exhibit will be open until December 2019. This new temporary exhibit celebrates the bicentennial of a decade of canal construction that created bold new transportation corridors connecting the Hudson River and New York State to Canada and Vermont, the Great Lakes and Midwest and the coal fields of Pennsylvania. Featured canals include the Champlain (1823), Erie (1825) and Delaware & Hudson (1828) and the exhibit will also include information on later feeder canals and canal expansions.

This system of interconnected waterways led to rapid growth in New York State, created new markets, led to the rise of new cities and

Opinions...

Perfect Liveaboard Small Boat

While the tug is a beautiful classic design, keep in mind almost any small motorboat can be used to push a 20' houseboat. It is my belief that the perfect liveaboard small boat will never be found as all of boating is a compromise. A famous cruising couple wrote, "go simple, go small, go now." I would put the emphasis on the "now." It will always be a choice between spending life in the shop or on the water. I like being on the water and will sacrifice some comforts to be there.

Pictured here is my previous steam launch, 23' overall, 20' on the waterline. I owned this boat 15 years and often cruised for three weeks at a time living aboard. Side curtains kept out most rain and the boiler provided heat and hot showers. Cooked aboard on small gas stove and life was good. Give up some comforts, go now upon the water and have fun. Winters are for shop work and summers for boating. Enjoy.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding
Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT



Projects...

Progress on Elf

The 8th Annual *Elf* Classic Race originally scheduled for May 12 has been rescheduled for September 29. Winter was tough during the cold snaps, just to keep the bilge water liquid I poured hot water into the bilge several times a day in the very coldest of times.

Once the days warmed it was time to address the engine. Last fall we began to experience several issues with our engine. Once I removed the cockpit sole we had access to go over everything. First, we found a hole in the exhaust system caused by electrolysis. Member and friend Jay Aigeltinger and Simon Foch took charge cleaning and replacing all necessary parts, which has been

extensive. The engine started up May 5, sounding great.

While I had the cockpit sole out I completely rebuilt it, replacing the lower plywood with high tech plastic. Starboard. I took apart each plank, cleaned, sanded and regrooved to make U-shaped seams. It has all been reassembled, recaulked and oiled, ready for installation and will go back on as soon as all engine repairs are complete.

Last fall I brought the topmast, gaff boom and bowsprit home to sand, varnish and paint in my shop. I want to thank Margot Taylor for sanding and prepping the spars along with the skylight hatch and other deck furniture. We are going to get finishes built up without the pollen issues by closing the shop doors. It is amazing how much pollen is released on any given spring day.

Thanks to Stevens Remillard and his brother Brad for volunteering to get the winter cover off. I designed and built a wooden structure high enough to walk under on deck, making it comfortable to work under all winter. It is totally tied down on deck and fits on the rails. I used clear 10mm plastic that held up well keeping *Elf* dry. I am happy to report it did well holding up to the winter gales and nor'easters.

I look forward to getting *Elf* safely back to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum to rig and step the mast and sort out the more than a mile of lines, then get the booms on and bend on the sails. At some point we will be back on the Sassafras River to sail with some of our northern members.

The last few months have proved to be a bit challenging but it is all good thanks to all the help. I could not have done things without you!

Captain Rick Carrion, The Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, PO Box 237, Earleville, MD 21919-0237, (443) 566-2212, cyrg.elf@gmail.com



"The Hudson River and Its Canals: Building the Empire State"

made New York City one of the world's largest ports. The canals interpreted in the exhibit fulfilled the promise of the motto "Empire State" and established New York as a leader in engineering, communications, capital and international trade. The exhibit illustrates that the geography of New York State and the Hudson and Mohawk valleys uniquely positioned it to provide transportation corridors through the barriers of the Appalachian mountain chain and demonstrates that transportation by water was much cheaper and more efficient than overland travel.

Visitors will have the opportunity to hear the voice of a woman who grew up driving

a mule along the Delaware & Hudson canal from the interior of a canal boat cabin. Children can operate small canal boats through a scale model canal with mechanical locks and an aqueduct. A large three dimensional topographical map showcases how the geography of the state influenced canal routes. Photos show the faces of the people and animals who operated on the canals, including children who grew up in canal boats and shared the work, and videos illustrate the construction and operation of the canals throughout history.

(Located along the historic Rondout Creek in downtown Kingston, New York, the Hudson River Maritime Museum is dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the maritime history of the Hudson River, its tributaries and related industries.)



Submitted by Dave
Lucas
Photos from the
West Coast Trailer
Sailors Gallery



Eric and Jane's Welford Houdini *Belafonte*.

Seems like we've been going up to Cedar Key the first weekend in May for half our life. This year was another stellar event with great weather and all the boats you could wish for. The winds were light in the mornings and if you didn't play the strong tide right you could end up in the clam beds. To see all these photos (and more) in living color go the Trailer Sailor site wctss.ij.net, scroll to last listing in Gallery. Ron Hoddinott does a good job of gathering shots from all of us.

Helen and I stayed at the Old Fenimore Mill this year and really liked it. We got a big nice two bedroom condo with a view to kill for about \$150 a night. This place will be our new home from now on. I took my mooring anchor and ball to hold me way off the beach. If you're not careful when the tide goes out you can end up stranded for half the day.

It turns out that this place is where the melonseeds hung out. There were six of us on the beach. Three or four of them were boats that Rex and Kathy Paine have built over the last decade or so.



Dale Niemann's Core Sound 17 Mk III.



Bedard Yacht's *ROG (River of Grass)*
EC competitor.



This couple sailed their CLC Faering from Wisconsin to Mississippi!



The point which divided the fleet on *Atsena Otie*.



Saturday afternoon at *Atsena Otie Beach* with half of the fleet out sailing! Sailing canoes play follow the leader, Hugh Horton in *Bufflehead*.





Core Sound 17 MK III.



Traffic jam!!



AF3 *Vacilando* with Travis and Anna on a test sail.

Doug Cameron and his CLC *Water Lust* canoe.



Mike Burwell's Peep Hen *Emerald*.



Jake Dierken's *Red Owl*.

Sarasota Cat owned by Glenn Osoling.



Ron Hoddinott and Lonnie Black sail Lonnie's AF3 into the beach.



Anna and Gravis enjoying Lonnie's AF3 *Vacilando*.

Roger Sanderson's Kruger Sea Wind with BOSS rig.





Melonseed Central beach by the Old Fenimore Mill Condo.



16' Melonseed *Passion* by Rex and Kathy Payne.



Ray Bauman's Barto Melonseed *Allure Too*.



Rex and Kathy's Barto Melonseed *Passion*.



Kevin and Tina's Cortez Melonseed *Scrapwood*.



Dave Lucas sailing the mighty *Laylah*, Melonseed with huge gaff rig!



Lovely Melonseed owned by Fairley Brinkley of Dunedin.

Tom Dyll and *Mystique*.

The Elver ghosting in light air.

Tim Haney and the Marsh Cat.





Richard Myers and his green Sea Pearl 21.



Ed and Becky's *The Black Pearl* restored Sea Pearl 21 Trimaran.



Strider, a Sea Pearl 21 moving well in the light puffs.

CRBB boat, Bill Whalen providing ballast.



Richard Thompson's SCAMP *Dirty Bananas*.



Rob Hazard's SCAMP *Puffin*.

SCAMP #6 *B. Frank* sailed by Steve Haines.



Scott Widmier's own design, *Otis*, testing out new higher cockpit coamings in a fresh breeze.



Close ups of *Otis*.



Tom Steinmetz's self designed proa.

Gil Walker and his own designed strip planker.





Ron and Lonnie sailing the AF3.



Bernard sailing the Pathfinder to the beach.
Steve's Bay Hen.



Menger 15 Cat and Prototype Pearl.



Kirk Chamberlain and Hobie 14.



Simon Lewandowski and his Goat Island Skiff.
Niels Wade's B&B Princess 22.



Michalak Piccup Pram!



Bill Ling's sailing canoe.



Ida Little and Michael Walsh, authors of
Camp Cruising, with Jim Brown.

Behind the Island Place a flock of spoonbills
are undisturbed by all the goings on.



Earth Day on the Ipswich

Excerpted from *The Water Closet*
Newsletter of the Middleton (Massachusetts)
Stream Team

On Sunday April 22, the 56th anniversary of Earth Day, a few Middleton Stream Teamers and friends paddled the Ipswich River for the first time this year. The ice had been gone a month, the water temperature was up to 50°F. Ten people in two canoes and six kayaks were largely unimpeded on a leisurely two hour paddle from the team's park at Log Bridge Road to its Peabody Street Landing. The fleet stopped midway to rest and snack at Mortalo's Landing, another team creation done with the help of stone artist Vito Mortalo.

The sun was bright, the river high due to 3.2" of rain a few days before. During the rain the river rose 1.8', almost a foot above the river's mean annual high water elevation. Thanks to high water covering the river's floodplain, the many downed trees encountered, especially red maples, due to March's three nor'easters, two with heavy snow, were paddled around.



Paddle leader photographer Elaine Gauthier had us launch at her "church" site. Sunday mornings she visits the team's park on Log Bridge Road to sit in her pew, meditate and watch the water and the world go by. She wisely had us put in downstream just below the high, fast flow over the beaver dam. A spill into the still cold water might have dampened the spirits for all.

Over the years on paddles from March to late November, we paddlers have become familiar with our river but are surprised each season, year and decade to learn of its ever changing nature in fauna, flora and flow. Many changes are due to beaver dams, one crossing the river every mile or so. Two decades ago invasive purple loosestrife ruled the floodplain, now reed canary grass, another invasive, has replaced it. Both are beautiful. On our trip the canary grass was very noticeable and green but not yet above the high water. Its blades bent with the flow

Ben and Pamela Messenger of Boxford paddling on calm Ipswich River admire Middleton woods. (Elaine Gauthier Photo)



pointing where to go. Where they didn't was in the dark, relatively deep channel. The purists among us insisted the fleet stay in the channel although there was no necessity to do so in our shallow draft vessels.

All along our route we found painted turtles on fallen logs absorbing the sun in the 60°F air. We may have pointed out a couple of hundred to each other in just four miles, imagine how many thousand weren't seen. Like us, they were taking advantage of this April's rare sunlight hours and warmth.

Stream teamers Butch and Elizabeth Cameron, who live just up from the river, called the other day after finding an inch long turtle just hatched heading toward the river 6,000 baby turtle lengths away. Its mother had nested in a bare place in Cameron's lawn last summer. Butch has been reporting turtle hatch sightings to us for two decades. That the turtles be back is a sign that we hope is for warm weather.

Our Earth Day sojourn was very pleasant. There were no turnovers and dunkings into the still cold water. Experienced paddlers had "dry bags" containing sets of dry clothes. On Fran's bygone infamous trips we've had old timers in their late 80s go in. When it happens, it happens surprisingly quickly.

One incident of interest, especially to photographer Elaine, was when she and her kayak got too close to a Canada goose. The goose rose up and attacked three times. The third, Elaine, now in battle mode, shooed it away with her paddle. Geese yearly incubate their eggs in nests built on beaver lodges. When paddlers get too close they threaten and sometimes attack. This one met its match.



One stable lady we've passed for the past 30 years or more on the lovely stretch of river between Mortalo Landing and Peabody Street Landing is a plaster or concrete Madonna about 4' high. She stands a few feet from the water in a fine wooded valley on a small concrete platform she is not fastened to. This time her toes were in the high water. We've never seen her fallen despite storms and floods. As the paddlers went by her some spoke of miracles, or might the unknown person who put her there return when she needs help? In the words of folk singer Iris Dyment, we "let the mystery be" as we neared the end of another fine time on our river.

A Look at the Essex River Race

By Richard Honan

The Essex River Race in Essex, Massachusetts, is just short of six miles down the Essex River into Essex Bay, out around Cross Island and back upriver. My Brother Bill and my nephew Matthew rowed my 15' Ducktrap Wherry, the *William & Anthony* in this year's event in early May. They also had a small flat screen TV on board so they could watch the Players Championship on the Golf Channel. Considering the weather forecast, it wasn't bad conditions, 50° with a cold 10kt easterly wind, thankfully the rain held off until after the finish.

Me, I couldn't do it, still feeling some weakness and side effects from some medication. Brother Steve, Dave Brewin, Joe Wallace and myself biked three miles out to Conomo Point to watch the boys go by on their way out to Cross Island. Following the race, we retired to the CK Pearl Restaurant for some excellent clam chowder, fish tacos, fried clams and beer.



The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886

and its lasting influence

Part Four: Heroism and Disaster – the *Eliza Fernley*

"Gales have their personalities, and, after all, perhaps it is not strange; for when all is said and done, they are the adversaries whose wiles you must defeat, whose violence you must resist... There is infinite variety in the gales of wind at sea, and except for the peculiar, terrible, and mysterious moaning that may be heard sometimes passing through the roar of a hurricane – except for that unforgettable sound, as if the soul of the universe had been goaded into a mournful groan – it is, after all, the human voice that stamps the mark of human consciousness upon the character of a gale."

– Joseph Conrad, *The Mirror of the Sea*

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK.

A FAILURE OF imagination 161 years after the event might limit our understanding of how capable the sail and oar lifeboat crews were in fighting the extreme conditions that came with the job. We are too adjusted to living in a different world to comprehend the extent of their physical skills and powers of endurance. Exactly how well *did* they cope, using only oars and sail canvas? How bad had it to be to stop them answering the call?

I would make an extreme comparison with the longbow archers from an earlier age, who practised so regularly with powerful battlefield weapons that their thoracic muscles and skeletons became developed to the point where their trade can still be identified by archaeologists when they find their remains.

The lifeboat crews came largely from family groups of small-boat fishermen working in the hazardous operational area of the stations. Their use of oars and sails as the only means of propulsion meant that their expertise was honed daily – and intensively.

If you were catching fish a mile or two out in an offshore wind, the only forces to take you and your bounty home to make some money and feed the family were in the muscles of your arms and back, and in your iron determination. With their help you won the race against the setting sun and returned in safety.

Rather than labour the point, I have placed the testimony



The Victorian newspaper illustrators loved to sensationalise events with lurid images, as we know, but here the artist has caught the emotion of the moment perfectly as *Eliza Fernley* inverts – and it is probably pretty true to life, except that the figures in the rigging of the *Mexico* lend a false note: they had departed 25–40 minutes before. Those who survived the capsize reported that they saw no-one on the deck of the barque, or in her rigging. They guessed wrongly that they must have been below. The light at the mizzenmast top and the smoke spiralling from a spent flare were the only evidence that a crew had ever been on board the *Mexico*. The artist has countered the blackness of the night with a ragged ghost of the waxing moon, which may have appeared in reality, showing briefly in the hail, sleet and snow, except that the survivors reported a vicious squall hitting at this point. (© *Illustrated London News*)

of a man who saw their work at close quarters right after this article. In his book *Recollections*, Sir Charles Macara takes just one chapter, Chapter 15, to discuss his relationship with the St Annes lifeboat service and his efforts to enhance the finances of the Institution. The extract I have taken deals with a bad gale a few years after the *Mexico*. It did not cause loss of life, but it showed clearly how a good crew could succeed in fighting an extremely powerful storm under sail and oar – twice in one day.

THE WHOLE TRUTH will never be told about the fate of the *Laura Janet*, no matter how many likely hypotheses are offered, as it mostly unfolded in that black night well beyond the ken of any observers. The lingering uncertainty leaves her floating in the mind like the memory of a blurred, sepia-tinted photograph that refuses to swim into focus.

The *Eliza Fernley*, on the other hand, was observed closely by witnesses who escorted her along the shore on her carriage and watched her launch and proceed on her way. There were two survivors who recalled accurately the last words of their comrades and were aware of how the boat capsized and failed to right itself. Their statements were recorded at length later. Ironically, had the gale not aimed itself directly at Southport, they would not have been blown in quite so fast with the upturned boat (though it still took about an hour), their feet eventually making contact with the sands, until they found the courage to strike out separately for the shore through the breakers, before the intense cold and continuous soaking killed them.

According to survivor Henry Robinson, most of the crew were non-swimmers. That applied to the majority of fishermen. Their fatalistic view was that there is little to be done if your number is up, and floundering around swimming on the surface only prolonged the agony. In any case, swimming in the sea was a new-fangled recreation, a lunacy that



The *Eliza Fernley* attempting to reach the *Mexico*. A realistic watercolour by Edwin Beattie

had seized the moneyed classes earlier in the century. No time to spare on nonsense like that.

The local newspapers immediately ran lengthy pieces on the catastrophe as the mass of information started to flow. The reports were full of errors due to the haste with which they were rushed into print, and over the years copies of them in the archives of the *Southport Visiter* and the *Southport Guardian* were fingered so much that they became illegible, but the availability of 'information', especially after the Inquest and the Special Enquiry, meant that newspapers throughout Britain

also produced extensive reports on the disaster. Even before then, the news had resounded around the world.

As with the other lifeboats, there is a background to the story of the *Eliza Fernley* that should be taken into account.

The Southport fishing community was going through an exceptionally hard time in 1886. Their usual trade was shrimping, but the local stocks had diminished drastically over the previous two or three years. They had tried various measures to protect the fry, finally petitioning the Town Council to legislate for the use of nets with



Arab, Padstow's pulling and sailing lifeboat, rounds Stepper Point in a gale. She was stationed at Padstow 1883 – 1900, bracketing the time of the Ribble disaster. To my mind the most impressive feature is the mathematical accuracy of the angles formed by the oars, pulled in unison. A fine example of what a skilled crew could manage in awful conditions.

(Poor quality: scanned from *Lost Photographs of the RNLI*, published 2004, page xii)

bigger meshes in an attempt to encourage future stocks, but they were unsuccessful. Three of the petitioners were in the lifeboat crew.

Their opportunity to raise a little extra money by taking out pleasure trippers in their boats had been hit by falling demand, too. Perhaps visitors to Southport were looking for more sophisticated pleasures on their vacations. The upshot was that the urge to use their boating skills as members of the lifeboat crew was all the more pressing when a sovereign (£1) was paid to each crewman who attended a service. All this against a national background of severe economic downturn, especially in agriculture.

At the start of the century Southport was a poor little collection of houses called South Hawes in the township and parish of North Meols.* The development of the town accelerated in the 1820s and 1830s with the increasing popularity of sea-bathing and the recreational use of the coast. Lord Street was established in the 1820s. From that time on an iron grip was kept on the way the town developed, so that it became a resort and a residential settlement for the well-to-do, people who were of 'the

* On The Wirral, their 'Meols' is pronounced 'Mells'. In Lancashire, North Meols is 'Meals'

Eliza Fernley and crew



right sort' as well as being rich.

Lord Street became one of the first boulevards in the world. The exiled Louis Napoleon, later to become Napoleon III of France, took lodgings just off Lord Street in 1838. Naturally it is often claimed that it inspired him to order Hausman to create the great boulevards that cross Paris when the city was virtually rebuilt by him, in the same way that Hyde Park is supposed to have inspired him to create similar spaces in the French capital.

By the last quarter of the century Southport had railways from Manchester, Liverpool and Preston terminating in its well-appointed station. There were seventeen high-class hotels, "a pier, baths, an extensive bathing-beach, a park of 30 acres, a well

constructed market house, a fish-market, a town hall, three churches, eleven dissenting chapels, a Roman Catholic chapel, a cemetery with three handsome chapels, four public day schools, a convalescent hospital and sea-bathing infirmary, a hydropathic hospital, and a dispensary.

"The pier was erected in 1860, at a cost of £10,000; and extended since, at an additional cost of £15,000, and is 4,395 feet long, (barely 300 yards short of a mile! -Ed). The town hall was built in 1853, at a cost of about £4,500; it is in the Grecian style, with a portico; and contains assembly and sessions rooms, and police court-rooms, offices, and cells ..." (John Marius Wilson's *Imperial Gazetteer of England and Wales*, 1872.)

Eliza Fernley: LOA 34ft, Beam 8ft 5ins, Depth 3ft 5½ ins. Built in 1874. Eleven services previous to the *Mexico*, saving 52 lives and rendering assistance to one vessel. Magnificent draught horses hired at great expense from Southport Corporation.



The RNLI took over the lifeboat station in 1860.

In short, it was not a place to live if you were an impoverished fisherman with a family. The proximity to ostentatious wealth would increase your desperation.

Thomas Jackson (27), one of the lifeboat crew, was the younger brother of the survivor John Jackson. Thomas left a widow and two children, four years and 10 weeks respectively. They had lived with Timothy Rigby and his family, and were destitute, living almost literally hand to mouth.

Three days before the *Mexico* call, Thomas had gone out and managed to catch a few quarts of shrimps, which he sold. The usual practice was that fishermen were paid for their catch at the end of the week, but he had to ask for his money on the Wednesday night to buy a loaf of bread for his family.

Then he visited the pierhead and collected mussels from the piles, which his wife sold. The day before, he crewed on the *Eliza Fernley*, the only food in the house was dry bread. Thomas Jackson was one of the three, with Timothy Rigby and Peter Wright, who died under the capsized boat, entangled in the lines, and came to the shore with it. Timothy Rigby must have gone back under the boat to escape the waves, as John Jackson saw him clinging to the gunwale just before he struck out on his own.



Eliza Fernley and crew

Earlier, John had stuck his head under the gunwale when the hull tipped to a wave, and called for Thomas without hearing a response, so he may have succumbed to hypothermia as early as that. Possibly his undernourished state had a lot to do with it – or perhaps *in extremis* the young friends had decided to stay together, and die together. Henry Robinson called in vain at Timothy Rigby's house after he had survived, to see if he and Thomas Jackson had made it home.

In prosperous, expanding Victorian Britain there was no safety net for those who fell on hard times and there was a tendency to blame the pauper for his condition. There were the Liberals and the Tories, and the

fishermen were Liberals almost to a man, but it did them little good. Only twenty years before, it was a Liberal MP, Robert Lowe, who vigorously opposed giving working men the vote, and summed up by sneering, 'You should prevail upon our future masters to learn their letters.'

The first vestiges of a welfare state came much later via Lloyd George in the first decade of the 20th century.

WHEN THE SHOUT came on the 9th of December, the local Secretary of the RNLI, Dr George Pilkington, whom we've already met, was attending a 'Mayoral Grand Conversazione and Dance' at the

The *Eliza Fernley* was neither the first nor the last pulling and sailing lifeboat to be lost after being launched with, tragically, no chance of success. (Below left): The Salcombe lifeboat *William and Emma* capsized in 1916 with only two survivors out of fifteen, one being her cox Eddie Distin (below right). She was launched into a force 9 severe gale to aid the schooner *Western Lass*, which was washed into a sandy cove near Prawle Point, narrowly missing the rocky outliers, and her crew were then rescued by lines fired from rockets on shore. (Scanned from *Lost Photographs of the RNLI*, pages 56-57)



Cambridge Hall and Art Gallery. Yes, I know – I don't think this event would have been at all similar to the amateur fund-raising concert held at St Annes five days earlier. Pilkington is certainly one of the heroes of our story, though.

He left at once for the boathouse under the Promenade, with the intention of joining the crew, only to find that the *Eliza Fernley* was moving down the beach on her horse-drawn carriage with more than a full complement to man her.

Southport Town Council charged the RNLI £38 a year for the hire of their horses. At that time the Institute gave £100 to the widow of any lifeboatman who lost his life on service, a once and for all payment. Pilkington's repeated demand was that the Council should donate their horses free.

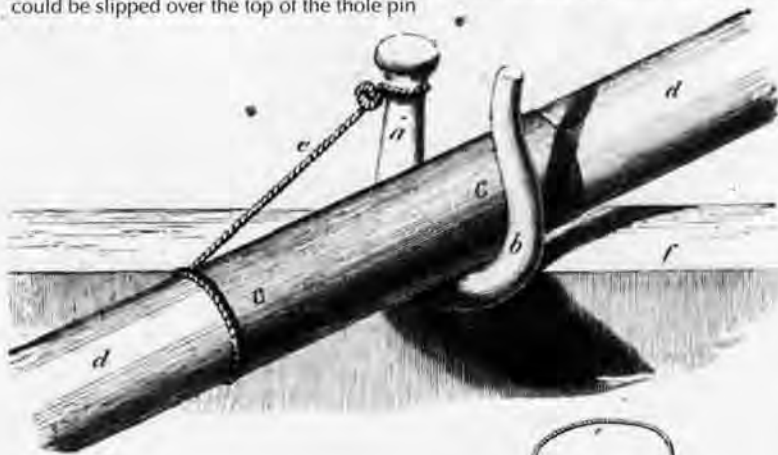
Prior to Macara's charitable initiatives, which came immediately after this tragedy and changed things forever, it was mainly the well-off who were approached for the famous 'voluntary donations' that funded the Institution. Why shouldn't Southport Council, who represented mainly the well-off, subscribe to the cause? He had a point.

The call for crew had been made when Burmester's flare was seen at 21:00, or slightly earlier. The gale was blowing almost straight down the length of the long pier, and to launch at the boathouse would have meant having the wind – and waves – directly on the nose. So the *Eliza Fernley* was badly delayed by two things. First, the boat had to be pulled about 3½ miles along the beach to a point slightly to the west of the *Mexico*, to give them a favourable slant. (Had they been sailing they would have been hard on the port tack.)

Second, the correct number of crew assembled, but then three of them were sent to fetch the horses. It was customary for the crew to be formed from those who arrived first and took the sowesters and cork jackets hanging inside the boathouse to

Swivel-crutch, designed by the Inspector of the RNLI, mid-19th century

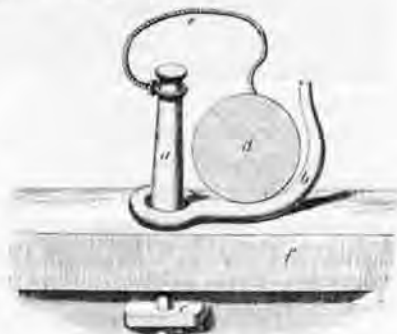
Here the oar has been let go by the rower and allowed to hang alongside outside the gunwale. The lanyard (e) was nailed to the oar, with a running eye on the other end that could be slipped over the top of the thole pin



claim their places. Those who left for the horses were not wearing sowesters, so their places were taken eagerly by three latecomers who were desperate to collect a sovereign apiece. This led to a lively exchange when the horses arrived, as you can imagine.

Considering the pressures these men were under, it is not surprising that there was intense competition to take an oar. It was the Receiver of Wrecks, George Rockcliffe, having decided that he should be present at the boathouse to keep an eye on the *Mexico* as the night wore on, who tried to act as referee. The final word should have lain with the Cox, of course, as he was solely responsible for the crew. Charles Hodge had an excellent reputation as Coxswain, and is warmly praised in the annals of the RNLI. He went to sea aged 10, and eventually became a certified Master. He had served for many years as a Liverpool Bay Pilot, and had commanded trading schooners around Britain and Ireland. He also skippered an expensive yacht owned locally by a Mr Bellhouse. However, at the age of 60 he probably found it impossible to override the three determined supernumeraries, so Rockcliffe intervened. First, he tried to dissuade Henry Hodge, whose greengrocery and fishmonger's shop was giving him a comfortable living.

'I advised him not to go,' said Rockcliffe, 'not because he was



(Above) This ingenious combination of thole pin and crutch was used on the Southport and St Annes boats. It superseded the old thole pin and grommet combination like the one on the Darlings' coble. The newer *Charles Biggs* had 'normal' crutches but heavy duty, and no doubt made from improved steel, which were fitted to most lifeboats after 1886. 'Normal' crutches (identical to the ones we use now, though we wrongly call them rowlocks) had been too weak for lifeboat use, so the main component here is a hefty steel thole pin that runs right through the gunwale and locks in a plate beneath. The crutch is free to revolve with the oar. Once the *Eliza Fernley* capsized, these would have held the oars onto the gunwales by the lanyards, and six oars per side would have lain in the water, helping to hold her upside down. The running eye over the thole pin could be released in seconds, but that was not a top priority after the capsizing, and probably extra lashing was used anyway. The second reason she didn't right was the weight of the three or four crewmen hanging on to her gunwales. Thirdly, the profoundly disturbed water would have foiled any attempt at a dinghy-style righting procedure. The swivel-crutches did give the men something to hang on to after the capsizing – if they made it back to the boat.

not capable, but because he was a man pretty well-to-do, and I thought he would prevent one of the other men from going and earning a pound.'

Were the men taking their eyes off the ball in discussing these money matters?

Henry Hodge – and the three usurpers – ignored the advice and embarked. His eldest son, who had tried to stop him boarding, followed the boat down the long strand to see it launch, and his father passed down to him from the carriage two rings from his fingers with the instruction to take them home safely, together with a warm and cheerful, 'Goodnight!' His son was one of the first to see him dead on the shore a few hours later. It was Hodge's stopped watch that John Jackson later noted as reading 12:40 am. Henry Hodge had gone to sea with his father aged 13, and had been a fisherman for many years. He had sailed to and from Australia in the *Great Britain*. His relative wealth came from inheriting his father's business.

Had Dr Pilkington been on hand more readily when the call came for the lifeboat, I don't doubt that manning it would have been much more orderly and free from argument. He was a well-respected local RNLI Secretary, hard-working and popular. Rockcliffe finally advised the Cox to take all three extras, as it was getting late and the tide would soon be at half-ebb; they could always take hold of an oar if the need arose.

Had the *Eliza Fernley* rescued the 12 men of the *Mexico*, they would have joined the expanded crew of 16, making a total of 28 to return in the 34ft boat. The *Charles Biggs*, a bigger boat with 15 crew and about ¾ of a ton of water ballast, brought home 27 men in total.

The Southport boat started down the strand at about 10:20 and launched around 11:15, which is good time made in a gale over a 3½-mile sandy beach.

Several hand-held flares on shore and three rockets

from the boat were ignited to let the *Mexico* know that they were on their way, but around that time the *Charles Biggs* was dealing with her own problems, having had 3 oars broken, been swamped and then blown flat, as they dropped sail and reverted to oars. On the barque they were concentrating on keeping the Lytham boat's lights in view (they would have lost them for a while, obviously) and avoiding being thrown overboard as the *Mexico* was rolled around. Nor should we rule out the possibility that the lights of the Southport boat were lost in the murk.

It took them about two hours to reach the *Mexico*, rowing hard and making little headway until they managed to enter a deep little channel they called the Bog Nut. The official report says that they reached the barque around 1:00am; later, crewman John Jackson reckoned around 12:40am, basing his conclusion on Hodge's stopped watch, but even at that time they would have missed seeing the *Charles Biggs* in the darkness as she left with the *Mexico's* crew around 12:15, at least 25 minutes earlier, flying off with the wind on her port quarter.

John Jackson's account:

"It was pitch dark at the time and the only indication of the distressed barque was the faint glimpse of a lamp that, as we got closer, we saw hung from the mizzen top. I was able to discern that the vessel had lost her foremast and mainmast.

We were, at length, within 30 yards of the vessel and could hear no shouting, indeed, the storm rose to such a pitch, that it was with difficulty that we could hear our own voices ... I was just about letting go the anchor, to get the boat alongside the vessel – we were then, I should say, twenty yards from the barque – when a tremendous sea caught the boat right amidships and capsized us in a jiffy. Why, mate, believe me, but the weight of water alone was enough to have killed us.



Dent's Fluid Lifeboat Compass (1874)

"Modified from Dent's Fluid Compass and Binnacle under the superintendence of the RNLI" The card was reduced to three inches diameter. The binnacle was copper, japanned. Approx. 6 ins square and 8 ins high. Worked on double gimbals. 5¼ lbs weight. Had a lamp and reflector, and a drawer for spare wicks and matches. Very popular with crews

I have heard them say that the boat would right itself, but, to give you my opinion about it, I don't think lifeboats are much better than some of the other boats. Anyhow, all I can say is that our boat neither righted itself, nor did it try to right itself. I think there was enough water for her to have righted herself, had she intended to do so, but she remained bottom upwards.

Some of us managed, at length, to crawl out. I and Richard Robinson held firmly on to the rowlocks and was buffeted about considerably.

With some difficulty I got underneath the boat again, and spoke, I think, to Henry Robinson, Thomas Jackson, Timothy Rigby and Peter Jackson. I called out: "I think she will never right; we have all to be drowned!"

I heard a voice, I think it was Henry Robinson's say: "I think so, too". I got out again and found Richard Robinson fairly done. He leaned heavily on my arm and said to me: "Jack, will 'ta help me?" I raised his head up a bit, but a heavy sea came and took Dick clean away fro' me. I never saw him again.

While underneath, I called out to my brother: "Clasper!" (that is a sort of nickname we gave him), but I could get no answer. I don't know what became of the rest, I was so exhausted. I remember seeing two or three struggling to reach the boat, but I do not know who they were.

I could feel the cramp (what I was most frightened of) coming into my legs, but I managed to keep it off a bit by keeping kicking and working myself about. The boat had now drifted so much that I could touch the bottom with my feet, so I thought I would try to steer my way, without the boat to the shore.

My only mates I could see alive, then clinging to the boat, were Tim Rigby, Peter Jackson and Harry Robinson. I asked Jackson if he was going, and he said he didn't think he could as cramp had seized him in the legs. Well, I managed, after great difficulty, to reach the shore, somewhere about opposite the Palace (*Palace Hotel, Birkdale*). I could then feel the cramp seizing me again, but managed, what with crawling and staggering, to reach home, in such a state that I thought I had come home only to die. On my way home I never saw anyone, not even a policeman. I don't know how many are saved, but I think there are only two besides myself – Henry Robinson (whom I have seen this morning) and John Ball who has been taken to the Infirmary."

It would be too easy to take John Jackson's solitary journey home, staggering, crawling, with no-one even aware of his existence, as a metaphor for the general predicament of these people in 1886. He was found quickly enough in the morning by those who eagerly looked for him, and he was interviewed wrapped up in hot flannel, sitting in front of the fire and far from well. The house was deep in mourning for his brother's death, despite the good fortune of his own escape.

Coming so soon after the event, his testimony should be

trusted. He was unable to testify again, at the Inquest or the Enquiry, prevented by the need to undergo medical procedures. There is also a strong sense that Jackson saw which way the wind was blowing as events unfolded in the aftermath of the disaster, and decided to keep well out of it. Unlike his fellow survivor, Henry Robinson, he was wary of appearing in the public gaze. Robinson's words immediately below were recorded at roughly the same time as Jackson's, prior to the Inquest.

Henry Robinson's account:

"I left home about seven o'clock and made my way to the Promenade. About nine o'clock signals of distress were seen about a mile away. We went down opposite where the wreck was and the boat was launched. I was sitting about the middle of the boat. We pulled for some time and could make very little headway. The water was very rough ... I don't think I have ever been out in a worse sea. When we got nearer we saw that the vessel had a light on her mizzen-mast, and her foremast and mainmast had been carried away. It was blowing a terrible gale, the sea running almost mountains high, and the spray was enough to blind one. After we had been out some time, a squall came on, accompanied with rain and hail. The vessel seemed to be drifting towards Southport, and it at last struck on Spencer's Brow ...

After a time we got within twenty yards or so of the distressed ship, and at that moment, just as John Jackson was going to throw out the anchor, a heavy sea struck us, and our boat capsized. Some of the men, I think, must have been thrown out. I held on underneath to the pump, and put my mouth to the escape pipe and when it was clear, I breathed through it, but when a wave came over I moved so that the water which came through the pipe would fall on my chest. I think there were only five men under the boat then. We were, I should think, drifting about for an hour like this.



From 1882 to 1886 2,418 of these were provided by the RNLI to LBs and coastal stations

Barometers were first sent to lifeboat stations, coastguard stations, etc., on Robert Fitzroy's initiative.

He made sure that lifeboatmen and fishermen had access to the barometers for their own good, often buying them himself, but he did not want them to send reports to him as he knew that most lacked the academic rigour and consistency to supply them with the accuracy and regularity he obtained from his trusted observers around the country, in order to report on the weather. He did, however, provide a detailed but very clear set of notes that still exist, explaining the principle behind the instrument as well as giving directions for its use. This is a good example of Fitzroy's concern for the safety of ordinary seamen, but he did not allow it to rule his head.

One of the men complained of cramp in his legs, but I don't know which one it was.

Presently the boat bumped, and somehow my feet touched the bottom, and I called out that I could feel the sand with my feet. I said I would try and get out, and if I could, I would help the others out. By and by I did get out, and I called to the others to come, but they did not come. I don't know whether they were able to or not. I could hold on to the boat no longer, and I partly waded towards the land and

I was partly washed by the waves. I think if the men had got out like I did, they might have been saved.

I walked across the sands as well as I could, and I met a man (*Thomas Rimmer*) to whom I told what had happened, and he helped me home. When I felt better I went back to the shore to see if I could be of any assistance."

Taken From Henry Robinson's Evidence to the Inquest:

... We rowed a long time and could not get through the surf; and then we got into the Bog Nut, and were able to get through the sea there, and went down the Channel. We were about twenty yards from the *Mexico* which was on the land side of the Channel, on the Trunk Hill Brow. We had just got past the black buoy when the boat capsized in about 17-18 feet of water. I cannot say what time it was; I think it would be after midnight ... We could see no one aboard the *Mexico*. It was dark. There was a squall at the time. We heard no shouts, but we saw the torch smouldering as if it had gone out.

Before the sea came, the Coxswain turned the boat broadside, but the crew wanted to row a little further up the Channel and let her drop to leeward. When we got nearly alongside the ship, the boat capsized ...

When she went over I first I got hold of a man's legs, and then of a thwart, and then I got my mouth against the valve and kept there as long as I could. I thought there were nine men under the boat, but Jackson said my two brothers were outside. We could not see each other. The valve would let the water through when a wave came over the boat.

I think we were drifting for about an hour and we thought at that time that she was drifting out. John Jackson, after a time, said he felt the bottom and he tried to reach down to the bottom with his legs. I did not feel the bottom, nor do I remember feeling the boat bump on the bottom. *

Jackson got out and shouted out to us sometimes how deep it

was. I would have got out before I did, only I was afraid of the waves knocking me down. I, afterwards, got my head under the gunwale and got out. Jackson had left us some time (*before*).

John Ball, Timothy Rigby and Thomas Jackson were left in the boat when I went away. We were all together. I do not know what became of the nine, but I could hear John Jackson call out that our Dick was drowning, and I could hear him make a noise as if throwing up water. I went to Timothy Rigby's and Thomas Jackson's house to see if they had come home, but they had not. I then went back to see if I could meet any of them. I thought all those who were thrown (*out*) would be drowned...

The Coxswain is in command when the boat is at sea and we have to obey his orders. There was no regular crew, only volunteer fishermen, those taken being those who get first to the boathouse. When I have been out at the practices I have never seen the boat capsized. I have never seen it capsized on purpose to see if it would right itself."

Various other statements were made by Henry Robinson in answer to questions:

"I do not think the crew had been taken off the *Mexico* when we were capsized. I think we must have been there first. When we were under the boat we were more than half the time under the water, and when the seas left us we always shouted to see if anyone was missing, but I cannot say how many of us were there ... I said to Charles Hodge, Show a light', and he said: 'We have none', and added, 'I only fetched the regular quantity'...

I do not say I owe my life altogether to the fresh air I got through the valve, the boat kept lifting and allowing air to come under the gunwale. I have heard of the Lytham lifeboatmen breathing through the valves, and that is why I kept there... We did not get the sail because we could get there easier without. We would go a long way to leeward in getting the sail out ..."

During the questioning of

Robinson by Lieutenant Tipping, on behalf of the RNLI, the question was asked: 'Did it not occur to you that by getting outside by the lifelines, you could have righted the boat?' Robinson answered: 'Who is going to get outside in a sea like that? It is nicer talking here than being there!' The Lieutenant persisted with his point, to which Robinson further replied: "It didn't occur to me at all, and it would not do if I were there again!"

Gartside-Tipping clearly thought that they ought to have tried to right the boat, and more than once. In his cross-examination of witnesses as the local Inspector of Lifeboats, though he was attending primarily as an Inquest witness to provide evidence like the others, he gave clear indication that he had little confidence in the crews, and equally obviously, he felt that the boats (*his* boats) were beyond criticism.

When the *Laura Janet* was discussed, he said, '... there is no evidence that the *St Anne's* boat might have not righted and capsized half-a-dozen times, such being the known conduct of all modern lifeboats.'

He emphasised this judgement later by recommending that crews should be exercised annually in capsizing, but there was no good reason for 'modern boats' to be tested again after their first scrutiny by the builders.*

As cruising dinghy sailors know well, in bad conditions a crew will probably survive a violent capsize once and continue on their way. With luck they will cope with a second inversion, but it is tempting Providence to expect a third success. Tipping

* The Institution obviously did not agree with him. Captain HW Chetwynd, RN, whom we met at the Special Enquiry, had revised the righting tests for boats in 1884 – hence Tipping's confidence – but the lessons of the *Mexico* in 1886 led to ever more searching and rigorous tests that had to be passed before boats were allowed into service, as from 1887 onwards.

was being adamant about self-righting simply to make an impression: the hard evidence given by Jackson and Robinson revealed the effects of the single capsize on the crew of the *Eliza Fernley* and showed that open unballasted lifeboats were no different from dinghies, except in scale. And Tipping must have hated to hear John Jackson's testimony:

'... all I can say is that our boat neither righted itself, nor did it try to right itself. I think there was enough water for her to have righted herself, had she intended to do so, but she remained bottom upwards.'

And bottom upwards she remained for a very long time – until she was thrown up on the beach, in fact.

Tipping increased the weight of responsibility on the crews' shoulders by submitting 'a paper' to the Enquiry, which he first arranged to be certified as correct by the Secretary of the RNLI, that showed the number of self-righting boats launched on service over the previous 32 years, the number of lives saved by them, and the number of lives lost through their capsizing.

Out of 5000 launches there had been 41 capsizes, 23 of which, 'were unattended by any loss of life'.

Digby Murray and Henry Chetwynd thought it was, '... a splendid record, reflecting great credit on the management of the RNLI and their officers.'

But they had the grace to add that, 'The fact that one boat out of three effected the rescue of the crew of a stranded ship, while the other two were capsized, might have been a matter of either accident or of superior management, but without seeking in any way to detract from the gallant service of the *Lytham* boat, we are satisfied that ... the *Charles Biggs* was far the better boat of the three, having both far greater stability and righting power than the other two boats.'

This was mainly a matter of ballast, and to a lesser degree,

extra buoyancy placed high up inside the cockpit that reduced the amount of water retained on board and countered the unwelcome buoyancy beneath the sole. These were not, however, novel design developments. Around the coasts of Britain there were 45 lifeboats in service in 1886 that had either been designed to take substantial water ballast, or, more commonly, had been modified to take it. None had been replaced or modified at Gartside-Tipping's urging. Far from being 'modern lifeboats', in his phrase, the gallant little *Eliza Fernley* and the *Laura Janet* were outdated.

In 1887 George Lennox Watson, newly-appointed as the RNLI's Consulting Naval Architect, reported to a Select Committee of the House of Commons that, 'It would be unwise and unsafe to dispense with the self-righting quality in the smaller pulling boats, but with the larger sailing boats, I think we can get a better boat by abandoning the self-righting principle.'

In the worst of conditions, two small, unballasted pulling boats had shown themselves to be inadequate when faced with the demands of the Ribble Estuary.

AT 02:00 hrs on December 10th, local man James Halsall heard that, '... the lifeboat had capsized and all hands had perished. I went to the lifeboat house and there was Mrs Robinson, who was crying bitterly ... her youngest son had drowned and her eldest son, who had come home, had tried to save him but could not.'

In fact, survivor Henry Robinson lost two brothers that night, John and Richard; his mother had lost two sons. Survivor John Jackson lost a brother, Thomas.

While you read about the heroic efforts of the searchers up and down the Southport sands on that fatal morning of the 10th, you should keep in mind that sunrise that day was at 08:18 and low water slack was at ± 04:30, so

much of the search would have been conducted by torchlight, in shallow creeks and pools that had not yet emptied fully, in a gale that had not yet abated, so that a bitter cold wind, surf, spray and spindrift would still have been heard and felt, obstructing their efforts mightily.

They roused Dr Pilkington, who had barely put his head on the pillow, and he was out on the sands again by 02:45, to find that the bodies of the Cox, Charles Hodge (60), and Henry Hodge (43), had been found close to each other, uncle and nephew. Pilkington set out with a number of policemen to find the lifeboat, accompanied by friends and relatives. It lay keel-up just above the edge of the receding tide. Timothy Rigby (27), Thomas Jackson (27) and Peter Wright (24), not long dead, were caught up in the ropes inside.

It was said that Timothy Rigby's wife gave birth the day after he died. When Peter Wright's wife heard of his death she went into premature labour and bore a still-born baby, then floated in and out of consciousness, so that there were fears for her life, too. She had also lost a brother, an uncle and a cousin, all Rigbys. Peter Wright and his dead baby were later buried in the same coffin.

Close by, Peter Jackson (52) lay face down but still alive. His watch had stopped at 12:45. He was taken quickly to a plate-layer's hut by the railway, where they built a fire and a Doctor Chadwick applied artificial respiration, but he died at 04:45.

The incomparably tough Henry Robinson had by now recovered sufficiently to return to the shore and help in the search.

The tide was ebbing away. At 04:00 Thomas Spencer (48) was found face down on one of the outer banks, alongside Thomas Rigby (62). Richard Robinson (25) lay about 100 yards away. They found Deputy Cox Ralph Peters (60) close by and alive, only to watch him die five minutes later. To Dr. George Pilkington's distress, he saw that most had

been dead for only a short time and probably all had died of exposure (hypothermia), not by drowning.

Barely 300 yards from the *Mexico* a group that included Thomas Rimmer, who was proving to be an energetic searcher, found John Robinson (18), who was clinging to life. They took him to the sand dunes and bundled star grass under him for insulation and wrapped him in a greatcoat. He died in Thomas Rimmer's arms around 03:30.

Most strangely, at 04:15 John Ball (27) was found dazed but standing upright in a pool close to the lifeboat. It was as if he had expended his last ounce of strength in clearing himself from the wreck and the pandemonium of wind and water, and then, fatally, he had relaxed, exhausted, thinking the job was done. He lost consciousness and was rushed by cab to the Infirmary, where he died that evening without waking. The two remaining crewmen from the Southport boat, Benjamin Peters (24), son of Ralph Peters, and

Harry Rigby (27) were found by the time of the first hearing of the Inquest the following day, Saturday December 11th.

Thirteen of the Southport crew, excluding Henry Hodge, were buried on Tuesday December 14th, five days after the disaster.

On the same day, St Annes on the opposite side of the estuary buried its dead. It was a day of violent storm with snow, then hail and sleet, followed by widespread frost; it must have seemed that this tenacious period of vile weather would never end.

It was an amazing event in Southport, attended by the German Consul and Vice Consul, the Mayor of Southport and officers of the Corporation, prominent members of the clergy, the branches of the RNLI, lifeboat crews and mourners in carriages. The bands of the Royal Navy Artillery Volunteers and two Lancashire regiments provided the music.

Henry Hodge had been buried the day before, and his funeral had also attracted large crowds. A cortège of thirteen carriages and the hearse brought traffic to a halt

outside his house in Lord Street. Hodge had been an unashamed individualist, a hardworking fisherman who became a businessman and a canvasser for the Conservative Party, while also enjoying his time with fishermen and boat crews, popular with all.

Captain Burmester missed the Southport funeral, too. The Lord Street doctor treating his broken rib wrote to the local papers to say that he had ordered him not to attend, owing to his injury and the effect of the prolonged period of mental strain and exposure he had suffered in the storm. One can only guess at the pressure he would have felt in that august company at the funeral, knowing that his barque had been the cause of all that public grief. Of course he did not attend.

Considering his exhausted state, some wondered how he had found the strength to visit the *Mexico* again while the storm was still roaring on December 10th, in company with his new friends, who once more rowed him in the *Charles Biggs* ...

————— Keith Muscott

The *Theodore Price*, self-righting lifeboat at Llandudno back in the day, ready to be hauled off her carriage for an exercise. I offer this because it shows clearly the 'Tippings Plates' fixed to her wheels. The man in the stern sheets, marked out by his dress, would have been the local Inspector of Lifeboats, or, slightly less likely, the local RNLI Branch Secretary

© Collection of Alun Pari-Huws



About the liveliest eight days of my life were spent in a small boat on the west coast of Korea. Never mind why I was thus voyaging up the Yellow Sea during the month of February in below zero weather. The point is that I was in an open boat, a sampan, on a rocky coast where there were no lighthouses and where the tides ran from 30' to 60'. My crew were Japanese fisherman. We did not speak each other's language.

Yet there was nothing monotonous about that trip. Never shall I forget one particular cold bitter dawn when, in the thick of the driving snow, we took in sail and dropped our small anchor. The wind was howling out of the northwest and we were on a lee shore. Ahead and astern all escape was cut off by rocky headlands against whose bases burst the unbroken seas. To windward a short distance, seen only between the snow squalls, was a low rocky reef. It was this that inadequately protected us from the whole Yellow Sea that thundered in upon us.

The Japanese crawled under the communal rice mat and went to sleep. I joined them and for several hours we dozed fitfully. Then a sea deluged us with icy water and we found several inches of snow on top of the mat. The reef to windward was disappearing under the rising tide and moment by moment the seas broke more strongly over the rocks. The fisherman studied the shore anxiously.

A Story by Jack London

By Jack London

Reprinted from *Small Boat Sailing in The Human Drift*. Mills and Boone, 1919

Submitted by Duncan Wright

From *The Mainsheet*

Newsletter of the Delaware River

Chapter TSCA

So did I and, with a sailor's eye, though I could see little chance for a swimmer to gain that surf hammered line of rocks.

I made signs toward the headlands on either flank. The Japanese shook their heads. I indicated that dreadful lee shore. Still they shook their heads and did nothing. My conclusion was that they were paralyzed by the hopelessness of the situation. Yet our extremity increased with every minute for the rising tide was robbing us of the reef that served as buffer. It soon became a case of swamping at our anchor. Seas were splashing on board in growing volume and we baled constantly. And still my fisherman crew eyed the surf battered shore and did nothing.

I unlaced my shoes, unbuttoned my greatcoat and coat and was ready to make a quick partial strip a minute or so before we struck. But we didn't strike and, as we rushed

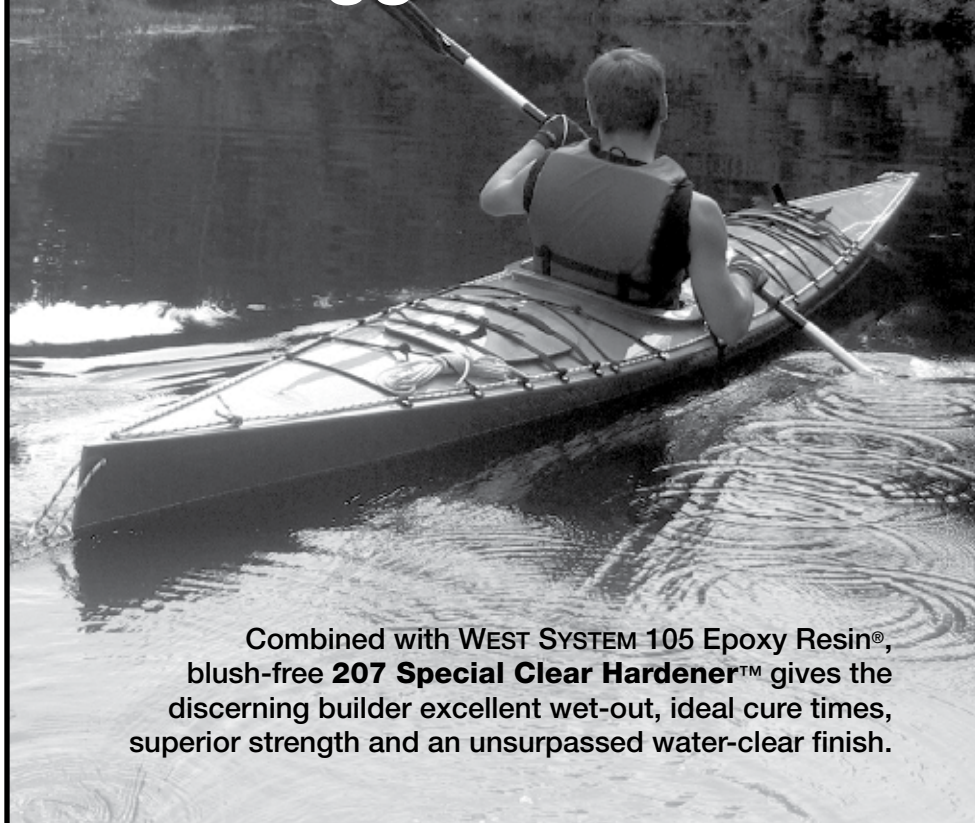
in, I saw the beauty of the situation. Before us opened a narrow channel. At last, after many narrow escapes from complete swamping, the fisherman got into action. All hands tailed onto the anchor and hove it up. For'ard, as the boat's head paid off, we set a patch of sail about the size of a flour sack.

And we headed straight for channel, frilled at its mouth with breaking seas. Yet, long before, when I had scanned the shore closely, there had been no such channel. I had forgotten the 30' tide. And it was for this tide that the Japanese had so precariously waited. We ran the frill of the breakers, curved into a tiny sheltered bay where the water was scarcely flawed by the gale and landed on a beach where the salt seas of the last tide lay frozen in long curving lines.

(American author Jack London, best known for his fiction writing set during the Klondike Gold Rush of the late 1800s, was also an avid sailor. *Small Boat Sailing* was published in 1917 in *The Human Drift*, a collection of short stories and essays. London recounts his time at sea, including travels on fishing schooners and coal ships but mostly on small sailboats on San Francisco Bay. His description of the hard work, excitement and thrill of handling a small boat in trouble on the water will be exhilarating to anyone who's experienced it, or only wished they had.)



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Four friends who battled wind, rain and heavy storms have set a world record after becoming the first people to pedal a boat across the Atlantic. Hector Turner, Paddy Johnson, Henry Quinlan and Max Mossman smashed their aim of completing the 3,000 mile journey from Gran Canaria to Antigua in under 50 days, arriving 40 days after they set off. The four men, who met at the University of Oxford, were inspired to act in a bid to raise money for, and awareness of, mental health. They said the cause was close to their hearts, with all of them knowing people who had struggled with depression and, in some cases, who had taken their own lives.

Despite so far raising more than \$167,000 for the Charlie Waller Memorial Trust, the quartet also hope that their journey will raise awareness of mental health in young men. Just the fact that their own friends and family are now talking about mental health issues helps them feel that they are making their mark. Mr Turner described seeing land at the end of their journey as “surreal and overwhelming,” while Mr Johnson said the team were very “thankful” for all the support they had received.

Recalling the toughest parts of their journey, including pedaling through torrential rain for three days, Mr Johnson said that they all focused on the fact that they were “doing it for something they believed in and had chosen to be there.” He continued that he would never forget the “very, very special” and “emotional journey,” but was currently looking forward to “some decent food and a couple of beers.”

The pair added that their next stint on a Pedalo would probably involve nothing more challenging than a day trip off the south coast of England and an ice cream.

Since they are the first people to voyage across the Atlantic by Pedalo, the pedalers also set records for the fastest Pedalo, and the first four man Pedalo, to make the journey. The team took it in turns to complete two hour shifts of pedaling in pairs, clocking up 4.9 million rotations between them in their journey.

Clare Stafford, CEO of the Charlie Waller Memorial Trust, praised the “tremendous fundraising effort” and said they were “in awe of what these four young men have achieved. They’ve shown physical endurance, grit and determination whilst keeping high spirits throughout the whole of their challenge. Not only have this been a tremendous fundraising effort, but it has also been fantastic awareness raising about the importance of talking about mental health.”

Speaking about the need to raise awareness of mental health issues, Mr Mossman

Pedal Across the Atlantic

British Team Set Fundraising Record

Report and Photos by Pedal the Pond



The team midway across the Atlantic.

said, “In a lot of suicide cases, friends and family say they had no idea the sufferer had any problems. It is vital that people understand they are not alone and help is available.” Mr Johnson added, “If we can stand up and talk about mental health symptoms in the public sphere, we feel we may be able to encourage other people to do the same. We hope that the interest sparked by Pedal the

Pond will lead to more people getting the help they need before it’s too late.”

The Charlie Waller Memorial Trust was set up by his family after he took his own life aged 28 in 1997 and works to increase awareness of the warning signs of depression among young people as well as encourage anyone dealing with depression to seek help.



The team clocked up 4.9 million pedal rotations between them.

The journey took the team 40 days.





25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

"In this country we also had many rowing clubs between 1860 and 1890 but as usual we rather went to extremes, so that the racing scull and shell were the most in vogue. This sort of craft was easily damaged and not fit to land on varied shores, so these defects rather interfered with their usefulness for a pleasant all day outing...It is strange so many Americans cannot visualize that there is a place between the racing scull and the heavy ill shaped rowboat of several hundred pounds, but a row in a boat that is of less than one hundred pounds' weight and about seventeen feet long can be most pleasant."

L. Francis Herreshoff, "The Common sense of Yacht Design"

Without question rowing is one of America's fastest growing sports. That's not surprising considering that only 20 years ago, outside of collegiate racing programs, the sport had almost no participants. Despite the phenomenal growth of recreational rowing, our sport is currently only a shadow of its former self. It's hard to believe that only a century ago rowing was America's favorite pastime! Only canoeing rivaled rowing in popularity. Everywhere there was water, rowers could be found. Nearly every waterfront park and hotel maintained a livery of rowing craft for the enjoyment of their guests. No picnic or regatta worth attending was complete without rowing races. The names of top caliber racing oarsmen were household words. Their achievements and disappointments made headlines in the popular press. It's probable that in the 1880's more money was wagered on rowing competitions than on horse racing. If our Victorian ancestors could view the modern rowing scene they might be moved to wonder what ever became of the sport.

Part of rowing's decline can be attributed to the introduction of other sports in the 1880's and '90's. Baseball was certainly more accessible to the masses, and bicycling was often more practical. The introduction of reliable internal combustion engines, outboard motors in particular, contributed greatly to rowing's decline. As professional watermen discovered that motors would allow them to operate bigger boats with smaller crews and bring in larger catches in less time for greater profits, rowing craft all but vanished from our fisheries. For

men who wrested their living from the sea, motors represented progress. That effect spilled over into recreational rowing. In the Gay 90's, America was poised to enter the new century. We were a country fascinated by anything new. Newness conferred status. And nothing symbolized newness like that technological wonder, the gasoline engine. Fashion demanded that every "serious" boater must have a motor.

At first boatbuilders simply modified well-formed rowing craft to accommodate outboards. Then, as the reliability of motors improved, boaters became indifferent to the rowing qualities of their craft. Gradually easily driven hull types evolved to the point where they were no longer efficient for rowing. By the time our grandfathers were able to afford their first "rowboats," rowing was indeed work! That impression has colored the public's perception of rowing ever since.

But the near demise of recreational rowing cannot be attributed entirely to outside influences. Another human-powered watersport, canoeing, managed to retain a fairly high level of popularity long after recreational rowing had all but died.

Why did such different fates befall these two similar sports? The answer is not simple, but what it boils down to is that one sport retained broad appeal through diversity and accessibility, while the other narrowed its focus to the point where nearly everyone who might have been interested was excluded.

By 1880 the canoeing community had established a well organized national governing body the American Canoe Association, whose primary goal was to popularize canoeing. With the understanding that racing is one of the most visible canoeing activities, one of the ACA's first acts was to standardize rules of competition. The rules were written so as to encourage the development of wholesome designs that would fully exploit all of the canoe's capabilities. As a result, at any one time from 1880 to the present, there have been hundreds of active canoe companies offering a wide variety of craft ranging from flatwater racing splinters to wide-bodied fishing craft, sleek wilderness cruising canoes to ultra-rugged white water canoes. The many different types of canoes were categorized and separated into classes so that anyone who wanted to enter their craft into competition would have a reasonable chance of winning. ACA sanctioned events have traditionally been well-advertised

Back to the Future

What Does Rowing Offer Today?

By Andre deBardelaben

This article is the text of a paper presented by the author at the 1992 USRA annual convention in Pittsburgh, PA. At that same gathering the USRA directors voted to disband the recreational rowing committee that had been set up a few years ago to encourage the sort of rowing activities discussed in this paper.

The message is that the USRA IS only interested in its serious competition level rowing activities and that recreational rowers should look elsewhere for formation of a national organization that would best serve their interests.

Andre deBardelaben designs rowing craft, operating as Middle Path Boats, Box 1881, Pittsburgh, PA 15221.

and may include competitions in events as diverse as paddling, sailing and poling.

Realizing that not all paddlers would be interested in competition, the ACA devoted an equal amount of effort to promoting canoe cruising and to keeping alive the rich history of the sport. Perhaps what was most important, the ACA recognized the fact that most outdoors people are not by nature "joiners". Thus in order to encourage wider participation in canoeing, most ACA sanctioned events were open to members and non-members alike. Canoeing has prospered because it has expanded to include nearly every paddler's idea of fun and adventure, and canoe manufacturers have produced a wide range of craft so that paddlers can choose the right canoe for nearly any waters or conditions.

Compare this to the history of rowing in North America. Until recently, aside from collegiate athletic rules committees, rowing had no central governing body. The rules committees were mainly interested in organizing, scheduling, and structuring races. Being administrators, not boat designers or builders, the committeemen weren't overly concerned with the design or construction of the craft entered in those races. As might be expected in such a highly competitive environment, that oversight precipitated a fluvial version of the arms race. Competitors introduced all sorts of innovations in order to gain an advantage. Smoothwater speed became the primary design consideration; seaworthiness was secondary. Utility, practicality and affordability weren't even considered. In the face of skyrocketing equipment costs, no one made a serious attempt to keep these craft within reach of persons of modest means, and no separate class for affordable "citizens racers" was established. Ironically, after the simply rigged boats fell by the wayside, none of the remaining boats had a clear competitive advantage. Eventually racing craft became so specialized and expensive that only a few schools with well funded athletic programs could afford to compete.

As the twentieth century wore on, general interest in rowing continued to wane until outside of scholastic and collegiate rowing, almost all organized rowing came to be done by members of private clubs. With few exceptions the most active members of these clubs were the alumni and future alumni of Ivy league racing programs.

Not surprisingly, after a time, nearly all club racing came to be done in collegiate style racing shells. Persons of average means simply could not justify owning such expensive and impractical toys. Even if they could afford them, most would have had no place to store these long fragile craft because membership in rowing clubs was often restricted on the bases of race, religion, sex and social class. Anyone casually familiar with the history of rowing has heard the story of sculler Jack Kelly, Princess Grace's father and a gentleman by any reasonable definition, being denied the right to participate in several prestigious rowing events because he had once earned a living by working with his hands.

Even though most rowing organizations have since relaxed their social restrictions rowing retains a pronounced aspect of exclusivity. Sliding seat aficionados rarely blush when words like elite and upscale are used to describe their sport. There remains in the rowing community a sense that the masses should be elevated to the rowing class, instead of a feeling that rowing should be brought back to the people. Unlike sailing and paddling clubs, rowing clubs often resemble health spas. Not infrequently rowing clubs have the sound and atmosphere of army boot camp. New recruits are urged to immediately place rowing at the center of their lives with the implication that not to do so could have serious negative consequences. There is to be no initial "messaging about" phase. Tradition and the equipment will not allow it. What percentage of the population of a free society would submit to having its leisure time so tightly structured?

The plodding rate of growth of rowing can be attributed in large measure to the influence of collegiate racing shells on our perceptions and on the design of modern recreational craft. The skill and discipline that these craft demand determines who can and cannot operate them. The expense of their fittings determines who can afford them. And their limited adaptability to other pursuits diminishes their apparent value when compared to other types of sports equipment like bicycles, canoes, and cross country skis. In fact, the combined cost of all of these items is less than the price of a single rowing shell. The dramatic decline in the popularity of rowing over the first half of the 20th century is the legacy of the aristocratic "Old Boys" clubs that encouraged the development of narrow spectrum craft that could be readily and unmistakably distinguished from the more practical boats of the working class. This and the fact that until very recently there had been no national bodies actively promoting the full range of rowing craft types and activities is why there remain today only dim memories of the many reasons why rowing had once been so popular. A perusal of ads and articles in current rowing publications will turn up picture after picture of amazing sameness: sweaty bodies with grimacing faces in racers or pseudo-racers. Modern recreational rowing has been described as little more than recreational racing. Unfortunately, that's nearly the truth. Until that changes, rowing will not enjoy anything like the kind of broad based popularity that it once did.

A century ago racing was but one of many activities in which a rower might participate. Most modern rowers don't seem to know that there's anything else. If rowers are confined by unseaworthy craft to flat uninteresting waters, it's not surprising that so many of them seem to need to justify their participation in the sport by extolling its health virtues. It is also not surprising that they can think of no activity other than racing to maintain their interest. For most people fitness and racing are not reasons enough to take

up rowing. A fitness aspect certainly doesn't hurt the appeal of any sport, but racing will have only a limited effect on its widespread acceptance. Organized competition is an important part of many sports, but it has never been the mainstay of any popular participatory sport.

In order for a sport to become popular it must possess a healthy element of what the public perceives as fun. A fun activity is one that may reward excellence, but doesn't necessarily demand it. Racing rewards only the gifted and the dedicated; something most individuals are not and cannot be! There are other more practical, less costly and safer ways to fitness than rowing a boat. And some of us want to do more than just row, row, row our boats in preparation for race day. The reason why we row boats instead of stationary ergometers is to be out on the water where our spirits can be energized by a living environment where the only constant is change. As long as the flatwater racing shell remains the dominant influence on recreational rowing craft design, most of what the rowing experience has to offer will remain beyond the limits of our craft's capabilities.

How many times have we heard about races being cancelled due to "normal" conditions? Why should rowers be forced to head for shore just because the power boaters have ruffled the surface of the lake? Is the fact that the local river is narrow and serpentine any reason not to take up rowing? What if the only body of water nearby is an ocean? How many urbanites have the space, or access to boathouses where they can conveniently store 25' boats? These are questions that recreational rowers and industry professionals should be asking themselves. It's amazing how many people, after trying out a modern rowing shell, come away thinking that it was more interesting to think about than to actually do. If we hope to share the joys of rowing with a wider range of individuals, there must be a wider range of craft available to accommodate a wider range of lifestyles.

It's time that some of the organizations that purport to represent rowing realize that there are reasons to row other than racing and fitness and that most of the interesting places where a rowing craft might go are beyond the reach of anything resembling a flatwater shell. Rowing does not need to be justified, and all forms of rowing in all types of craft are healthy. Aside from being a ritual of asceticism rowing can both relax and fun. And the price of enjoyment doesn't have to be diminished excitement, performance or a less than optimum pulse rate. Everyone acknowledges the value of exercise, but most people find it more appealing in the disguise of fun and adventure.

At the peak of rowings' popularity, cruising was by far the most popular pastime. Rowers would actually travel in their boats. These adventures would last anywhere from a few hours to several weeks. The most famous account of a nineteenth century rowing cruise is H.D. Thoreau's contemplative book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers". On their adventure the Thoreau brothers encountered conditions ranging from mirror smooth mill ponds to class 2 whitewater.

Oar power figured into nearly every part of nineteenth century American life, including the opening of the American West. In 1869 J.W. Powell, a one-armed Civil War veteran, led an expedition of 10 men in 4 rowing craft to become the first white men to explore the Grand Canyon segment of the Colorado River. Even now, that section, replete with 20' high standing waves, is

approached with utmost respect and caution by world class kayakers.

Unlike racing, almost anyone can enjoy cruising regardless of age, physical condition, or geographical location. In order to be successful at racing rowers must be willing and able to devote large amounts of their leisure time to developing and maintaining a "perfect stroke". Cruising requires only a "good enough" stroke. Just how good "good enough" is, depends on the cruising grounds. By carefully choosing trips within their abilities, rowers can begin enjoying cruising from the very first day.

The greatest obstacle to modern-day rowers who might want to take up cruising is finding suitable boats. For most of the twentieth century, U.S. boatbuilders have produced only two types of rowing craft: chunky dinghies suitable only for shuttling passengers and provisions short distances to and from larger craft moored offshore, and super-specialized, fragile and expensive racing shells. It's time that situation changed. When was the last time you enjoyed the refreshing splash of spindrift as your craft soared from wavecrest to wavecrest in steep wind-driven seas? Have you ever carefully guided your boat through thundering whitewater or pounding surf? Would you be comfortable taking an extended voyage in your rowing craft? And when was the last time you thought of the towering wake of a freighter as part of the fun? A cruise in the wrong boat can be anything from uncomfortable to terrifying!

In the past, every region of the country developed its own types of boats specifically designed to meet the demands of local conditions. The range of models available to Victorian Era rowers was actually greater than that available to their paddling contemporaries. Sadly modern American rowers don't have as many choices. Though our ancestors would have known of flatwater racing shells, they would have viewed them the same way that modern drivers view top-fuel dragsters: as craft that exhibit superior speed over short distances in a narrow range of conditions. Just as dragsters cannot be considered to be truly road-worthy, racing shells have neither the range, seaworthiness, transportability, ruggedness, maneuverability or capacity for comfortable touring.

Growing numbers of Americans are beginning to ask for more from their rowing craft. Rowers are again testing their skill and courage on America's rough and tumble western rivers. Tourists can even book passage on dories for a heart stopping ride through the Grand Canyon. On the East and West Coasts, there is rising interest in offshore racing. Some of these races are so long and cover so much area that navigational skills have become almost as important as oarsmanship. A number of talented designers have responded to that trend by offering designs better suited to the harsher conditions of an unprotected environment. Some of the new offshore racers are little more than shortened up, broadened up, softened up, beefed up, sealed-up versions of flatwater racing shells with little capacity for cruising gear, still demanding a relatively high level of skill and concentration that cannot be comfortably maintained over a long period of time or distance. Though rowers have taken cruises in these open water shells, to see them with piles of touring gear lashed to their decks is almost comical, rather like seeing Indy cars towing trailers. We expect modern touring cars to be fast, efficient, comfortable, roomy and safe. We should expect no less from modern rowing cruisers.

Strangely enough, to find examples on which to base the designs of future rowing

cruisers, we should look to the past. A visit to one of several excellent maritime history museums (Adirondack Museum, Mystic Seaport Museum, Thousand Islands Museum) will turn up an amazing variety of rowing craft and make us painfully aware of how much our sport has lost over the years. Contrary to what many "experts" would have us believe, not all of the rowing craft of the past were heavy, blunt-ended and slow. Anyone who has rowed a St. Lawrence skiff or Adirondack Guide Boat will tell you that it wasn't so. Nor were these deckless craft unseaworthy. These craft routinely operated in conditions that would keep most modern recreational shells shorebound. The rough water capabilities of Rangeley Lakes boats and Maine Coast peapods are legendary.

Aside from the well-studied and documented workboats mentioned above, there was also an almost forgotten class of lighter, sleeker craft called "pleasure" rowboats. Because they were not intended to carry extremely heavy loads, pleasure rowboats were less stoutly built and modelled on finer lines than their working cousins. Typically, these clipperized boats ranged between 14' and 18' in length, with overall beams from 2 1/2' to 4'. Though these beams may seem broad by rowing shell standards, their actual waterline beams were much narrower than their overall beams. The underwater shapes, and therefore the smoothwater glide characteristics, of many pleasure rowboats would compare favorably with those of many modern recreational shells of comparable lengths.

Underwater shape is, above all other factors, the prime determinant of a boat's flatwater performance. Speed is a function of length. The longer a rowing boat is at the waterline the faster it will go. Every displacement (non-planing) boat has a built-in speed limit called hull speed. Hull speed can be thought of as a kind of threshold of inefficiency. Any velocity up to hull speed can be reached and maintained with a reasonable expenditure of energy. The amount of additional energy required rises exponentially for each additional tenth of a knot beyond hull speed.

That fact would seem to favor extremely long hulls, but long hulls that span several waves in short, choppy seas are more difficult to handle in some of the conditions that a touring boat might face. Coastal rowing experiments have shown that short, easily handled boats often outperform longer, sleeker craft in high winds and waves. Whether the conditions are blustery or calm, on unfamiliar waters excessive speed can be dangerous to persons better positioned to see where they've been than where they're going. Also cruising boats sometimes have to operate on restricted waterways. Under those circumstances a shorter, more maneuverable boat is preferable to a longer stiffer-tracking one.

While length is the primary determinant of a boat's smoothwater speed, its acceleration is most affected by hull form, friction, and displacement (weight of boat, passengers, and gear). At the lower end of its efficient speed range, up to 80% of the resistance that even a smoothly finished boat meets will be caused by friction. As a boat accelerates towards hull speed, its shape (or form) becomes an increasingly important factor in its rate of acceleration. The finer a boat's underwater shape the quicker it will accelerate. By the time a boat reaches hull speed, form resistance will be substantially greater than frictional resistance. In collegiate or Olympic flatwater races, which are really just sprints, a few extra pounds of hull weight can spell the difference between winning and losing. As long as weight is kept within reason, cruising

rowers shouldn't be overly concerned about weight. A little extra weight might even be helpful in preventing a boat from being blown around by the wind, and the increased momentum will improve its glide between strokes when rowing against headseas.

Just as a boat's flatwater performance is largely determined by its underwater shape, its rough water capability is most strongly influenced by its above water shape. Almost without exception, the hulls of most pleasure rowboats showed pronounced flare above the waterline. That is, their gunwales overhung the water by several inches. These outward sloping sides are the ideal shape for turning away beam seas. And if the flare is carried forward to the bow, as was common in most boats of the past, it will tend to make a boat rise over steep head seas rather than piercing them as do many of today's hotter shells. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that a boat that rides on top of the waves will handle better than one with a hundred pounds of water on deck. Because their flared topsides made them dry runners, pleasure rowboats didn't need, and usually weren't given decks. This openness facilitated the stowing of cruising gear and/or the carrying of passengers.

There were other important consequences to be realized by incorporating flare into the design of cruising craft. First, flare gives a boat a strong righting moment which means that it will naturally resist capsizing. More than one incautious boater has been pleasantly surprised to learn that well-designed cruising craft are often more stable when heeled than when upright. Righting moment is the same force that helps unballasted sailboats resist being blown over by the wind.

That flare increases a boat's beam actually works to the rower's benefit. A wide hull can make do with short riggers or possibly even get along without them. Under favorable conditions the anxiety of coming alongside docks, seawalls, or other craft seems to rise in direct proportion to the number of inches the riggers extend beyond the hull. On heaving water or in unfamiliar surroundings (as when touring) the rise in anxiety per inch of rigger protrusion seems exponential. Because they were rarely outfitted with oars much longer than 8 feet most pleasure rowboats with beams of 40 inches or greater simply had their oarlock sockets mounted directly onto the gunwales. Such boats almost never had sliding seats. Out of necessity the narrowest pleasure rowboats did utilize various types of riggers in order to gain a reasonable spread between the oarlocks and some, called "exercise whermies", were outfitted with sliding seats; but for the sake of simplicity, safety, reliability, and efficiency, most narrow boats that were used primarily for touring were fitted with the shortest practical riggers and fixed seats.

Well designed boats of moderate length can easily be kept moving at or just below hull speed without the aid of long, racing-type sculls or sliding seats. Any additional power that might be gauged through the use of a sliding seat would result in only an incremental increase in speed. Because large powerful, pumping leg muscles burn tremendous amounts of calories, that small boost in speed would be achieved at a great cost to the rower's energy. The shorter the boat's waterline length and chunkier its underwater shape, the greater the cost. Fitness rowers, intent on getting the most exercise in a relatively short period of time over a relatively short distance, burn calories at an extravagant rate. Cruising rowers who might travel up to 50 miles per day must often conserve their energy just to complete the day's run.

While sliding seat rowing may be an efficient and enjoyable form of exercise, it is not, in its use of human energy, an efficient mode of transportation. The oft heard claim that sliding seat rowing is the only single exercise that alone provides a full body workout can be convincingly challenged by cross country skiers and the owners of several types of ergometers. Even if it were true it's pedantic because rowers, like most outdoors people are likely to participate in a variety of other sports like cycling, tennis or running so that it's unlikely that any of their major muscle groups will suffer from underuse. Refusing to row any boat not equipped with a sliding seat on those grounds is like refusing to eat any meal that does not contain 100% of the RDA of every nutrient. The same benefits may be derived from taking a brisk hike exploring some fascinating landfall at the end of an extended row in a fixed seat craft.

When cruising near good roads close to large population centers, how a boat is outfitted is usually not critical. In remote areas where a rower may not be able to summon help in case of an equipment failure, simpler, more robust fixed seat rigging has several advantages over sliding seat rigs. Failures in fixed seat rigging are extremely rare and room can easily be found in every cruiser's kit for a spare of every component (oarlock, socket, oar) of a fixed seat rowing apparatus. Repairs to such equipment can usually be made with tools commonly found on multi-bladed pocket knives.

In addition, the long sculls commonly associated with sliding seat rowing can be both a nuisance and a liability to the touring rower. Standard sculls with their combined length of nearly 20 feet would severely limit the touring rower's access to narrow, restricted waterways. Creeks and coves often hold the most interesting scenery and safest anchorages, and there's much to be said for the privacy such places afford. Also, because 9 1/2 to 10 foot sculls enter the water at extremely low angles their grips and looms are almost always in close proximity to various parts of the rowers anatomy. That geometry can dangerously interfere with skying the oars over high, closely spaced waves. "Rowing over stumps" may be poor flatwater technique, but having that capability can save your life when the going gets really rough! To cruising rowers concepts like "the perfect stroke" are so much esoterica if they won't get you where you want to go when you want to go.

Because of their typically corky natures, most pleasure rowboats wouldn't require that a rower use his oars for stability while resting in choppy water. In general, these boats were extremely tolerant of less than perfect handling, which means they are excellent craft for children, handicapped persons, and novices (This topic deserves an article of its own).

Reproduced today by modern or classical building methods pleasure rowboat designs would have many practical advantages over modern racers and rec-racers both on and off the water. Their moderate lengths would make them easier to carry and store than the longer racers. That last point should be given careful consideration by anyone thinking of buying a boat, because all of the materials commonly used in the construction of rowing craft hulls are adversely affected by prolonged exposure to sunlight. Because they would overhang the bumpers of today's shorter cars less than pure racers, pleasure rowboats would be safer to transport in heavy urban traffic. And because they're similar in size to most canoes, they would weigh about the same as canoes (16' Adirondack Guide boats weighed about 60 lbs.).

It should be noted that the rise of fitness rowing from a near zero level of interest to its present level of popularity was due to the introduction in the early 70's of 16' rowing shells that were slower, heavier and less sophisticated in their rigging than collegiate racing shells. The unprecedented success of these shells in the marketplace was due as much to their differences from thoroughbred flatwater racers as to their similarities. In their favor the new shells had enhanced ruggedness, seaworthiness, handiness and affordability. That has to be seen as a positive step. Taking another step or two down the evolutionary ladder could widen the market even further. From a manufacturing standpoint a molded deck is a second hull often more complex in shape than the true hull. Because they have no decks it's probable that pleasure rowboats would be less expensive to build in comparable materials than decked shells of similar size. Presumably the savings would be reflected in their selling prices. Being deckless and having sturdy gunwales, pleasure rowboats could be catted up upside down as easily as canoes. Finally, pleasure rowboats would make superior exercise boats as they could be safely rowed in a broader range of conditions than many of today's racier shells. With the ready availability of drop-in sliding seat rigs these craft could provide the best that both fixed and sliding seat rowing have to offer.

These are only some of the advantages of rowing craft of an earlier day. Notice that I did not call them traditional craft. In their heyday they were state of the art boats. They were built to the limits of existing technology and their designs were constantly evolving to meet the demands of the prevailing conditions of the waters where they were used. Technological advances have enabled modern builders to produce craft in a far wider range of shapes than our ancestors could ever have dreamed. Yet, American rowers find themselves in the position of having to choose between many versions of essentially one type of boat, one that is only incrementally better than a type that was rightly thought of as extreme and impractical a century ago.

In all fairness, some designers and manufacturers have tried to offer Americans alternatives to traditional decked rowing shells only to discover that doing so was risky business. Why aren't these alternatives to single purpose rowing craft more successful in the marketplace? The memory of versatile, able, user-friendly cruising craft has faded from public consciousness, and the image of the collegiate racing shell has been branded in its place so that many rowers aren't sure whether cruising under oars is possible. Many rowers, having had no personal experience with the type, question the safety of undecked rowing craft. Such craft have undergone thousands of years of refinement and have many safe open water passages, and several ocean crossings to their credit.

The prevalence of decked rowing craft on American rivers owes more to fashion than to any concern for safety. Any honest salesman will tell you that nothing moves boats faster on the showroom floor than predatory styling. Any designer can tell you that almost nothing compromises the performance of a cruising boat (row, sail or power) more than the desire to give it a racy appearance. Since boats of moderate length can never have the calm water glide of true racing shells, why don't we optimize them to do what they can do better than racing shells, which is just about everything else?

Choosing a cruiser over a single purpose racer does not automatically preclude the

possibility of racing. There is no good reason why owners of rowing cruisers should be denied the thrill of competition. Matched up against rowers in boats of similar capabilities they would experience the same rush of excitement that rowers in more specialized craft do. Indeed racing between cruising craft could be far more exciting than traditional collegiate and Olympic style racing because the races could be run on more varied and challenging venues.

Inspired initially in the 60's and 70's by articles on historical rowing craft by John Gardner in "The National Fisherman" and nudged along thereafter by articles in "Small Boat Journal" and "WoodenBoat" magazines, classical rowing is experiencing a healthy upsurge in popularity. I expect that someday cruising rowers will come to represent the mainstream of rowing in this country. Many of these rowers have crossed over from other sports. Some are canoeists who've discovered that oarpower would allow them to ascend more powerful rivers or traverse large bodies of water more efficiently than paddling. Others are aging, slightly creaky backpackers who find that rowing permits them to continue their self-reliant wanderings in greater comfort with fewer physical stresses. Some are fitness rowers who've tired of a routine drained of all adventure.

Still others have simply discovered how much fun this type of rowing can be. Whatever their reasons, there are considerable numbers of people currently exploring America's rivers, lakes and bays in simply rigged, open rowing craft. Their numbers are difficult to pin down because as a group they are not well organized, and their outings are usually not widely publicized. Manufacturing statistics don't accurately reflect the numbers of cruising craft in existence because many are lovingly preserved or restored antiques, and a large percentage of these rowers seem to enjoy the challenge of building their own boats. The professional shops that specialize in new construction of these kinds of craft are without exception small companies that are often not diligent about reporting their output to industry monitors like the National Marine Manufacturers Association.

It is known that thousands of cruising rowers subscribe to regional publications like "Messing About in Boats". And in the 1970's when the U.S. Coast Guard proposed some highly restrictive, ill conceived small craft regulations, hundreds of these rowers joined together to form the Traditional Small Craft Association and successfully defeated these measures. As a designer I have personally corresponded with hundreds of people seeking advice on cruising craft. Many of these people have told me that they own or have owned rowing shells. Time and again they have described how confining these craft are to their wanderings. More than once have they told me that the USRA has not been understanding or sensitive to their plight.

The purpose of this article is not to bash the USRA or to declare that the flatwater racing shell has doomed our sport. Nearly every sport is comprised of various factions each with its own technical and philosophical approach. But rarely are these factions so blithely oblivious or disdainful of the others outside of their niche as the shell proponents seem to be of the rest of the rowing community. Compared to some other sports the entire rowing community is small. All rowers must unite and support each other in order to safeguard our common interests. If we are serious about increasing the number of people enjoying any and all facets of our sport, then we need to embrace and accommodate everyone who might want to participate. History has shown

that any group or organization that fails to grasp and endorse this policy will have little influence or importance to anyone beyond itself.

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In the first installment in last year's *Canoe Sailor*, Goodsell wrote about his canoeing start in 1889 with the Yonkers Canoe Club... sailing... and he joined the American Canoe Association. He went to the ACA Meet in 1890 on Long Island, New York, which was attended by many Canadians and Eastern Division members with sailing canoes built by Captain G.W. Ruggles of Charlotte, New York, which competed with boats built by W.F. Stevens. What follows also appears in the *American Canoeist*, Vol IV, Number 1, page 11. I have also used an original typewritten copy (Marilyn Vogel, Editor, *Canoe Sailor*):

"Here I met for the first time, Paul Butler (and his valet West), Herman Dudley Murphy, George Douglas, Lincoln Palmer, Irving Dorland, Robert J. Wilkin, Percy Hogan, Walter U. Lawson, W.P. Stephens, Frank Dunnell, Schuyler Schiefflin, C.V. Schuyler and a host of others who attained prominence in canoeing.

I did not win much in the sailing races but received an impetus destined to last long and carry me far. Contact with men such as Butler, Barney, Ruggles etc, was bound to have its influence.

At a Brooklyn C.C. campfire, Percy Hogan urged Capt Ruggles to dance a hornpipe, which the Capt did, much to our amusement, for he was stout and not overactive. Many times thereafter he was obliged to do this stunt for the ACA members.

One evening, led by Lafayette Seavey, we went to Sag Harbor searching for talent to amuse us at the general campfires. We found four colored men with banjos and guitars who sang and played a song that was new to us, "Watermelon Growing on the Vine." It became popular immediately and we took the quartette over to camp, formed ourselves into a procession and marched around singing the melody which has characterized every ACA gathering for 46 years.

Visitors Day proved to be tremendously popular with the summer sojourners in the vicinity and we were overrun with a crowd, the like of which has never been seen since. Pickets were busy that day.

We had an elaborate system of flag signals with the regulation ship flag signal code

A Canoeing Reminiscence Part 2

By D.B. Goodsell
Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*

and little books with which to read them. Signals like the following appeared on the flag-pole in code:

"Sharks in the Bay," "Members had better look after their property."

"Squall in sight from NW, veering to SE" etc, some of it, no doubt, for the especial benefit of the Canadians. Races were called and started by this system.

We were startled one day to read that there were burglars in camp. That night I was a picket on duty from 12m to 4am with orders to report to the officer of the day, Will Huntington, every half hour (refreshments each time) with directions to look out for a black sloop. Well, it developed that it was all concocted for our amusement and interest but it certainly kept a lot of us greenhorns guessing.

The mess was largely attended. It was run by a New York man, Bave. It was notable as being about the worst ever seen in an ACA camp before or since. The waiters were Bowery toughs and even tips did not produce results. We were in a locality famed for its scallops and shellfish but I cannot remember seeing any at all.

S.R. Stoddard, photographer of Lake George fame and author of photographic glimpses of ACA camps, was present and has left behind a most interesting series of glimpses of the camp which I have often wanted to own. Years later I was visiting the old colonial mansion "Marmion" near Fredericksburg, Virginia. On the wall in the hall was a print of Koko, small son of W.P. Stephens taken at this meet. I left my card in the frame stating that I had seen this photo taken in 1890, 30 years before.

A novelty in camp was a mimeographed daily newspaper which had a wide circulation. Over the tent was a large sign, *The Daily Disturber*. Someone removed it to a camp

utility building where it remained throughout the meet a conspicuous object.

In 1891 the Yonkers C.C. acquired the war canoe *Ko-ko-ko-ho*. It was 35' long with accommodation for 16 paddlers. This featured the beginning of a number of pleasant trips to Croton Point on the Hudson, the Marine and Field Club on Gravesend Bay, etc. The trip to Croton Point on Decoration Day is remembered for the stop on the return at the Anchor Brewing Co dock at Dobbs Ferry. It was a warm day and the sight of the ice covered pipes of the refrigerator located in the center of the pavilion and the cool glasses of excellent beer call up longing memories.

In 1891 and 1892 I went to the meets at Willsboro Point on Lake Champlain. The location about halfway up the lake and opposite Burlington, Vermont, was unique in that it was on a point with a north south direction affording a shelter on the west side. Lafayette Seavey added much to our enjoyment, as he had always done, with his Sea Serpent which appeared off the point one calm evening swimming along without any visible means of propulsion. Its enormous jaw opened and closed slowly revealing hideous teeth and tongue. There was a head, middle part and tail, it was the wonder of all.

Some staged the following year a Shakespearean tableau in a beautiful woodland setting in a natural amphitheater. The costumes were brought from New York and were interesting. Mrs Percy Hogan posed as Rosalind. The tableaux were a rare treat as were the dances given for the waitresses of the mess tent. These girls were mostly teachers and local farmers daughters and the dances were old fashioned Barn Dances then quite a novelty to us New Yorkers, with the fiddlers sitting on a table.

In 1929 I read in the New York papers that the sea serpent had appeared at Willsboro Point and I wondered if it was a ghost of Seavey's original of 1896.

We had an amateur band. I have forgotten where the instruments came from but Harry Quick played the base drum so hard that he broke the head. Processions around camp and to the near by Willsboro Point Hotel were in order."

(To Be Continued)



"We paddled our canoe around Nick's Lake today. For the most part, the shoreline has been left alone. Year upon year the weather has taken its toll and the Adirondack wilds play out the slow drama on this shore. The birches, the soft hemlocks and white pines and the slightly uncertain tamaracks anchor themselves among the rocks and hold tenaciously to the shore. The skeletons of many trees in various stages of decay litter the banks of the lake. I know that if I return in a year, or in a decade, they will still be there, yet they even now are being absorbed by the lake shore.

Seedlings peer from among the trunks, blending in with the ferns and the blueberries and taking nourishment from the decay. Some are a little older and are beginning to look like real trees. As they grow, they struggle to survive, sheltered by the larger trees and supporting each other against the elements. The forest remains and slowly continues. Never changing, always changing. The cycle never ends. As a whole, the forest is alive and ever changing, and left to itself it is eternal."

Now 30 years since that day, I have not been back to Nick's Lake to see what has transpired, although I have been back to the Adirondacks many times in the intervening years. If I were camping I would have my canoe and would paddle it around the lake I happened to be on, quietly and slowly observing the natural shoreline and looking for wildlife as I did that day. The forest there in the park always appeared to the casual eye to be the same from year to year, with the trappings and activities of people at its edges the only changes. The quiet constancy of the forest was calming, but if I were to go back to Nick's Lake today to see what has changed, if I could remember what it was like then, I would likely notice the result of the continual struggle for existence and renewal. The forest and every element of nature uses all its strength to live. Where this slow hidden cycle occurs uninterrupted by human activity we see it as the beauty of nature. I paddle silently along the shore and watch.

On small lakes close to home I do the same thing. There are not many lakes in northern Ohio, but for decades I have taken my canoe to those that limit the use of motors. It is not the same as the clear lakes of the Adirondacks or northern Canada but it is more convenient. Here the streams that feed most of the lakes are not filtered by the surrounding forests, but instead run through fields and urban areas where they pick up silt from the mud banks and field runoff. Most of the lakes I paddle are surrounded by parkland, but the feeder streams are not so the lakes begin to fill with upstream mud.

I was brought to one of these close by lakes in my childhood for family picnics. With my own family I began building boats and taking everyone for evening boat rides there. We lived even closer then so it happened often. The picture shows the children in a decked canoe kayak that I built for the purpose. They are on a section of lake that was easy to get to from the boat launch a short distance up the inlet stream.



Changes

By Hugh Groth

The lake was a good size with the bay near the inlet deep and free of snags. As it expanded into the main lake there was enough shoreline to explore and it was a good way to introduce the children to the joy of boats. That was about 50 years ago.

Things have changed over the years. The children have become adults with children and grandchildren of their own, but they still come to the little lake occasionally with one of my canoes. They are not as enthusiastic about canoeing as I am, but they have learned the value and pleasure of small hand-powered watercraft and I am glad of that. The boat launch has been moved, for the small bay that we so often paddled around is filling with gravelly silt, with scrub trees growing on islands and peninsulas.



This picture looks to the right from where the first picture was taken. The stream winds its way through the former bay, overcoming the several beaver dams which redirect the flow. The beavers highly approve of the new scrub trees, although I do not. The silt deposits are now beginning to push their way into the main lake, causing shallow water in the area near where the bay once was.

Now I am old and alone, a big change for me. Still, I take my canoe out in the early morning and look for the herons, the kingfishers and mallards. In the evening I enjoy the swooping and soaring swallows trying to rid the air of insects. If I paddle slowly I can make the circle of the lake take up to an hour, and sometimes that is long enough. The muddy little lake with its pretty shores and surrounding hills is not what it once was but it is still there. It is the same for me.

It is time for me to renew a bit of the old and look for new possibilities. To be sure, I have not limited myself to local lakes, for Mary Anne and I have gone to the northern lakes many times over the years with our tripping canoe. Our day at Nick's Lake was an overnight stop on the way to a canoe-in site deeper in the Adirondacks. I may not be plying the lakes of the north again, but there is a lake that is a bit larger within an hour's drive that is relatively clear. Maintained as a water source, it is far upstream from the city it serves. Its use is restricted to hand powered craft, the shores are forested, it is located well away from urban areas and eagles nest there. Though still a compromise, it resembles many of the northern lakes we so loved. I intend to paddle this lake more as well as others within a reasonable distance and I will keep camping and canoeing for as long as I am able.



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Hard Feelings

In *The Saga of Cimba*, a good read, first published in 1939, about a fishing schooner brought from the northeast and reworked a bit, accommodation wise only, took south, through the canal, Galapagos and west to Tahiti. Quite a trip in the mid '30s. Sometimes it may be thought, what do these old sailing story's have for us today?

Human nature being what it is, much the same, I would say plenty. Navigation can still be done as they did. The modern Navy I read is, or already has, started classes using the infamous sextant. What gets me going on these little shorts is often a line read or something someone said. Here the author says, "Hermits do not wander in pairs..." One for today, "Not all who wander are lost." I think that's what I read of a well sailed little 15-footer by a woman with her husband along.

Those who would be hermits but lack the time or fortitude to gainfully seek such a lifestyle think a bit different from the rest of us. Small boat sailors just may well fit into that category, some anyway, not all by a long shot. In the *Cimba* the two fellows sharing living space and watches of up to 12 hours, shared nary a word between themselves. Alone with their thoughts while the other off-watch, slept, cooked or read.

When harbor's reached, the crew disperses, no hard feelings. Can it be done ashore as well? A time to part company, no hard feelings. There are some, no many actually, with whom I'd never go to sea. There are many I will not overnight with. Wherein lies the problem, with the masses, or myself? I believe it's me.

Hermits living atop mountains are considered hermits, rightly so. Living in cities, they're miserable, cantankerous, old grouches. What makes them so within the city? I'd suspect it's the well meaning with a good dose of miss-understanding. She gets around.

Hermits sailing in pairs, really make a good combination. Sitting around a coffee shop, the same two would be at different tables.

So welcome aboard, no hard feelings, if there's not a second sail.

Went Sailing Today

The day before Mother's Day, I went sailing. I knew what day it was, Saturday, when I went to the grocers is when I discov-

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

ered the morrow was Mother's Day. With all the balloons flying, flowers made up, special displays, a fellow has no excuse.

Out on the water the wind was humming, white caps and then some. The sailboats slipped were singing their songs. The partially rebuilt dry stack boat barn, five high I think, added its own eerie music to the discord, a low moan with the wind passing through the half done buildings.

Further out on the water I stopped to put in a reef near the spoil island. With the new sail little *Red Top* moves so much better. The tack pennant was secured temporary a while back with some Para Cord. Strong stuff, just too thin. Was using $\frac{5}{16}$ " line until today's sail. It pulled itself right through its jam cleat. All of a sudden the boom is high flying, with the yard, 8' to 10' off the deck, not good. A quick glance toward shore, then around me all about, a plan was implemented.

Drop the sail, quick tie secure the wildly flailing spars. Set the anchor and set to fixing the problem. Out over the cuddy cabin to retie the tack in the bouncing chop. Almost did an over the side backwards from the small cabin. Being tethered to the main sheet I didn't even give it a second thought. Water being low 70s, wind chill still a factor but not too big a deal. There were no other sailboats out, a few sport fishers were about, a tug and barge a half mile off. I was the same off the beach.

After having done the fix it was saddle up and get back on, as they say. It seemed to be all second nature. Get up and get going. I don't know if that's a good thing or not. Some may say it was time to reconsider and call it a day. I did after a while longer. Tried some to catch a few waves on the way back.

It was good day for sailing, should have set the boom tent I'd been working on but, it being in the sail loft at the house, crumpled up at the end of the couch, that didn't get tested.

Another problem I've been having while trailering, the 12-footer wants to slip and ride

all cattywhompass. Today coming home I snugged the bow right up to the winch post, first securing the transom, the pull there at the bow did the trick. Sometimes these things take a while to figure out. Seventy, still figuring.

Avocados and Rye

Years ago, surfing California's beaches, I would sit in my car after a few hours of surfing and eat my meager lunch, a very simple diet of an avocado and rye bread. My younger brother seemed to be the only one with whom I shared this simple fare that after all these years, carries with him fond memories of those lunches. I think.

Wholesome, healthy and filling. A high school friend a year ahead of me, upon graduation the following winter, took the family car and went north to Rincon. Figured his gas, sleeping on the beach, that left him enough cash to buy one large Rosarita can of refried beans a day. He was alone so it didn't matter. The things we do for the things we love.

Coming down here to Rockport, Texas, niegh on eight years past, no longer surfing, but still very much involved in small boat sailing, the boat I had with me at the time was an old TS16. A very good sailer with an outboard. I decided to put that outboard in the back bedroom's closet, no garage.

The simple reason for doing so, I wanted to improve my sailing ability. Without a motor I'd have to improve. I learned every pile, concrete bulkhead and where the rip rap was the hard way. There are many family members who can attest to my needing improvement. I'm still in need.

What has this to do with avocados, rye bread and refried beans? Keep it simple. If I can fix my little sailer on the go, then it's probably pretty simple. I've done away with the forestay turnbuckle on most of my boats. I'm cruising, not racing. I can cinch it up tight enough. The shroud turnbuckle will be the next to go. I've ditched the centerboard and daggerboard on two of my small craft, opening up the cockpit for old knees is very helpful. I'm not crossing oceans in these leeboarders so I'll be fine. A simple bolt keeps them where they should be. A stout rope would work as well. That's coming.

Avocados and rye, to my ears, sounds so much better than, keep it simple stupid. Tastes better as well.



CBMM's Seasonal Maintenance Underway

Shipwright James DelAguila reports that work on the CBMM's floating fleet of historic vessels is in full swing.

Buyboat *Winnie Estelle* made it out of the water first to undergo seasonal maintenance and to have a hull fastener inspection by the Coast Guard. With *Winnie* given a clean bill of health for the season, CBMM's workhorse replica crab scraper *Volunteer* made it out onto the rails next, receiving a new exhaust system installed by staff mechanic Josh Richardson. *Volunteer* has already been tasked with towing CBMM's powerless tugboat *Delaware* to her new slip where she awaits a large scale restoration later this year.

The floating fleet maintenance cycle takes place all summer long and extends into the fall, with all work done in full view of CBMM guests. To learn more, visit cbmm.org.



Get Out on the Water This Summer

CBMM is offering two kayak paddles this summer to help its guests get out on the water. The first offering is scheduled for 9am-1pm Saturday, June 30, when participants are invited to join CBMM Shipyard Programs Manager Jenn Kuhn and Lead Educa-



CBMM News

tor Matt Engel for a guided paddle along the San Domingo Creek and around Hambleton Island. The group will meet at the boat launch on E Chew Street in St Michaels, and the day will conclude with a tasting at Eastern Shore Brewery. Participants are invited to bring their own kayak or rent one from CBMM and are encouraged to bring sunscreen, lunch and something to drink. To learn more, visit cbmm.org/guidedpaddle.

On Monday, July 30, from 7:30-9:30pm, an evening Full Buck Moon Paddle will launch from Fogg's Cove on CBMM's St Michaels campus. Native American tribes gave moons names as a way of tracking seasons. During this time of year, a buck's antlers are in full growth, giving July's full moon the name Full Buck Moon. Participants are again welcome to rent gear or bring their own. For details, visit cbmm.org/fullmoonpaddle.



Small Craft Rental Program

CBMM's small craft rental program runs from June through October with sailing vessels, kayaks and rowboats available for hour or daily rentals. The program operates Saturdays and Sundays, June 2-10, and will expand to include Fridays June 22 through August 26, September 7-30 and October

12-21. Rentals are closed during CBMM festivals which are listed at cbmm.org. For more, visit cbmm.org/smallcraftrentals.

Bronze Casting Workshops

From Tuesday, July 24, through Saturday, July 28, CBMM, will offer two bronze casting workshops in its boatshop. Participants must be 16 or older with class size limited and advanced registration needed.

Christian Benefiel, sculpture artist and Shepherd University professor, will lead these public workshops, guiding participants through the intricacies of casting bronze and aluminum. Participants will take home a working knowledge of casting metal along with their own creation. Each session is held from 9am-4pm and both will culminate on Saturday, July 28, with setting up the furnace, packing molds and pouring metals.

The first session will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24 and 25, plus July 28, when Benefiel will focus on the lost wax technique or investment casting. This workshop will teach participants how to cast bronze and aluminum by using a wax pattern that once coated in a ceramic shell is melted out of the mold. This cavity is then filled with metal. To register, visit cbmm.org/lostwax.

From Thursday through Saturday, July 26-28, Benefiel will teach a more traditional green sand method of casting metal where participants will learn how to cast bronze and aluminum using a sand mix mold. To register, visit cbmm.org/greensand.

Participants can sign up for one or both sessions. A discount is offered for those signing up for both bronze casting workshops.



Inland Waterways

The Illinois International Port District near Chicago noted an uptick of 11% in revenue and a 6% drop in debt last year. The goal is to vastly improve the Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico shipping. While this may not make the towboat and barge companies along the Mississippi happy, it does mean that cargo, especially grain, can be hauled in greater tonnage over a lengthier season with fewer hassles (read that: outdated locks).

The Chicago Port has a fascinating history that pre dates the American Revolution. The French trappers who journeyed deeply into the wilderness west of the Mississippi needed means to send their furs to the east, so Juan Baptiste Pointe DuSable decided that providing a terminal for western goods at what was to be the city of Chicago was more profitable and less dangerous than trapping beaver in the Rocky Mountains. Like Prairie du Chien's Fort Crawford in Wisconsin, the conjunction of the rivers and Lake Michigan was a good idea in the mid 1750s. Eventually, the port was moved to the Illinois and Michigan canal and the Chicago River until 1920 when 1,600 acres was purchased at the mouth of the Calumet River.

Old Jean DuSable is considered the first resident of Chicago. A black Haitian, he claimed land at the mouth of the Chicago River. Married to a Potawatomi woman named Kitiawa, he moved about the southern end of Lake Michigan plying his business. He was taken prisoner by the British during the Revolutionary War suspecting he was a Yankee spy, however, he simply wanted to do business and supposedly sold goods to his English hosts. He sold his property to a British Lieutenant and eventually moved to St Charles, Missouri (then part of Spanish Louisiana) where he ran a ferry across the Missouri River until the early 1800s. His remains were buried in a St Louis cemetery that was moved at least twice according to Diocesan records. City Fathers eventually erected a monument where they believe he is buried. His only death record records him as "negre," a French word for Negro. Interestingly, archeologists examined the alleged grave of DuSable and found no body. Evidently his remains were not moved with earlier cemeteries as believed.

Gray Fleet

To no one's surprise, the US Navy quietly announced that due to maintenance backlog and ship priorities according to national need, their wonderfully designed do it all LCS vessels are on the bottom rung of the work ladder. No LCS ships are scheduled for deployment during 2018. Evidently the Navy has to spend its money on more important things like fixing the destroyers that were damaged in collisions last year.

Senators Roger Wicker (R-MS) and John McCain (R-AZ) sponsored a bill, "The Surface Navy Reform Bill," claiming the current surface fleet is undermanned, overextended, containing few qualified officers and working in an atmosphere of weird and confusing chains of command. McCain, a third generation Annapolis grad, has been a severe critic of the Navy, that is ironic since he is the grandson of Admiral John (Slew) McCain, a South Pacific air commander, and the son of Admiral John McCain, Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet (CinCPAC) during Viet Nam. One would believe him to be a Navy sycophant but he is the most knowledgeable



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

and keenest Navy watchdog in Congress. His retirement will be a serious loss for to the American Public.

Ice Exercise (ICEX), conducted jointly between the United Kingdom and the US, was a training experience for the two nations in the Arctic Ocean that is rapidly becoming an international hotspot. As an element of this operation three submarines surfaced in the ice pack near the North Pole. The *USS Connecticut* (SSN 22), a Los Angeles-class fast attack sub, the *USS Hartford* (SSN 768) and the *HMS Trenchant* (S-91) surfaced within walking distance of each other as part of education, research and simply showing the flag, as Russia is building a 12,000 runway and "research station" in the region.

By the end of the year the Navy promises to release a Naval Arctic Roadmap report. When asked about the rationale of arctic maneuvers, Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral John Richardson, stated bluntly, "The arctic triggered it. The damn thing melted."

Since the shrinking of the ice pack, the Chinese and Russians have actively crisscrossed the region with icebreakers carrying anti ship cruise missiles. Secretary of the Navy, Richard Spencer, reported that the US is behind in experience and understanding of cold weather warfare, especially the Marine Corps, which has sent 300 men to Norway for training.

Small Boats

Small Craft Advisor, a magazine a goodly portion of *MAIB* readers peruse, featured an article on a boat builder who created his rowing boat, a Chester Yawl from Chesapeake Light Craft, and turned it into a sun driven motorboat. Clearly his background as an engineering professor shines throughout the story, but his concept can be handled by addlebrained numbskulls and inverted sailors.

That being said, author Rick Retzlaff invented a VM or Vessel Management System using a custom microprocessor with LCD screen to monitor state of charge on his lithium phosphate batteries and boat speed. Unfortunately he had too much power and not enough motor. His Minnkota Endura 30, with a custom built controller and a 10x7 airplane model prop, simply was not up to the task but he reasoned that a 400-500 watt motor would suffice.

This may be over the top engineering but his use of 5"x5" high efficiency flexible solar cells at 22% efficiency produced about 8km/hr (damn Canadians can't use our measuring systems) and can run indefinitely with full sun or about four hours just on battery power. This non polluting power plant seems worthy of attention, especially to folks who have strained their muscles and vocabulary trying to start a balky Mariner or Mercury.

Everyone is going gaga over the "simply elegant" Malbec 18 and the Sage 17. A really good article comparing the two seems

to be in order. The Sage comes in 15, 17 and cat rigged models. The 17 is supposed to be a great "performer," whatever that means. Exactly what difference 2' make seems trifling. The reviewer who looked at the Sages stated his preference "pound for pound" would be the 15-footer.

The Malbec 18, obviously 3' longer than the Sage 15, should be able to attain better speeds. It has a few more amenities than the Sage, but few of us day sailors spend nights aboard our small boats. Yup, a boat to boat comparison would be publishable. Who is up to the task?

Big Boats

Hanse Yachts, the highly reputable cruiser company, proffers a rudder drive, an electric motor attached to the trailing edge of the rudder. The Hanse 315 is a worthy craft with the nominal Diesel motor but an electric turbo charged system can be added for another \$26,000. Basically this is a Torquedo 4.0FP with a 5.4Wh lithium ion battery. This minor addition allows about 1 knot more speed and an agile maneuvering that is wonderful, marvelous, stupendous, the greatest invention in the world, earth shatteringly spectacular. Or so they say.

The Kraken 66's review in *Sail* magazine was eye catching. They said it was a turnkey operation for oceanic cruising with good all around performance and sea keeping ability. It has a "zero keel," meaning that it has no keel bolts but an encapsulated keel as an element of the hull. It can be single handed with a series of winches and clutches leading aft for soloists. It carries a carbon fiber mast and furling boom with a Solent rig standard and an overlapping genoa ahead of a working jib. You too can own this magnificent boat for a paltry \$1.8 million. Hurry before it's too late.

Musto offers a new MPX Offshore jacket with three layers of Goretex. At a mere \$699 it should be on everyone's birthday list. Since this is written at the end of April in Iowa with a temperature of 27°, I might just buy this if it promises to keep me warm.

White Fleet

Norwegian Bliss, the newest of the *Breakaway* Class cruise ships, made her trial run from South Hampton to New York prior to running between Seattle and Alaska. Sunday critics noted some pros and cons about the ship that has a 20,000 square foot observation lounge, a Texas Bar-B-Que where live country music is blaring, a two level go kart track and a large laser tag area, plus the small but required pools. Gone is the dance floor and the supper club vibe. The Cavern Lounge has the feel of a cave that is not for the claustrophobic. The cabins are a bit larger than the doghouses to which travelers are accustomed and the bathrooms are spacious. One complaint is the lack of storage space for luggage and toiletries. A Texas Bar-B-Que with live country music all day and half the night. Oh! Put that voyage on my Bucket List!

Sea History

Sunday, April 14, 1912, the *Titanic* ripped open her hull after sailing into an iceberg. Three men who survived the immediate sinking were featured in *Maritime Executive*. Fredrick Fleet, a Liverpool guy, never knew his father and was abandoned by his mother when she ran away. In 1903 he commenced his sailing career as deck boy and eventually became an able seaman. Much

later his wife died at Christmas leaving him severely depressed. He hanged himself and the body was not found for two weeks. People who knew him knew of his tremendous survivor's guilt because he was one of the 706 who lived while 2227 passengers and crew did not. He was buried in a pauper's grave but eventually the *Titanic* Historical Society erected a tombstone.

The Pesse canoe, a dugout version, was discovered in a Dutch peat bog in 1955 and dated to about 8,000BC. Yes, that date is correct. Before there were pyramids or even Moses, people were paddling along the waterways. Even more incredible is that cave paintings from 10,000BC show reed boats similar to the *Kon Tiki* made famous by Thor Heyerdahl. Ancient vessels include the coracles wicker frame boat, the birch bark canoe and leather boats supposedly used by Saint Brendon when the Irish discovered America (take that, you Norwegians). Of course, how the Proto Indians came to the Americas has been debated in a sea of ink.

Merchant Fleet

Virtually all merchant ships use gas turbines or oil to produce steam. Perryman Industries is researching a viable alternative drive system that is non polluting. Heat and thermal energy fuels current maritime engines, however, Perryman counters that heat can be more easily created by a combination of molten metal and compressed air or liquid nitrogen. This is particularly interesting since the IMO has agreed to cut emissions by 50% before 2050 and the global sulfur act takes effect in 2020 that will raise fuel costs significantly.

Perryman is making a battery using liquid nitrogen that expands by 600 times when heated to room temperature and expands exponentially when heated to 932° F. Liquid nitrogen is stored in a battery. Energy runs an off the shelf steam compressor. Better yet, the nitrogen can be produced from the air while the ship is steaming over the waves. Only nuclear power is more energy efficient.

The *Alliance St. Louis* was running between Texas and Florida when a pipe plug on a fuel line came loose, sending a spray of fuel all over the exhaust system, immediately igniting a massive fire that was quickly extinguished by automatic CO₂ fixed fire suppressant systems. There were no injuries because the engine room was on unmanned mode during the night. Both the chief engineer and his assistant had inspected the machinery prior to turning in. The NTSB stated that the pipe plug had been improperly tightened and worked loose, allowing the atomized fuel to spread. The ship sustained about \$3.75 million in damages. Gee, one more turn with a wrench and no problem.

Greek seamen went on a 24-hour strike that caused huge ferry operations FUBARS and SNAFUS among the islands. The sailors are frustrated that the government is trying to reform expenses by allowing foreign countries to operate ferry boats that threaten the job security of the Greeks. They also are displeased about reductions in insurance and pensions. One problem that has run rampant in Greece is the deficient spending on benefits for all levels of workers. From EU's financiers' perspective, the country is bloated with subsidized salaries for workers that caused the Greek monetary system to virtually collapse, and it would have had not Germany and the EU bailed them out. (Or should

that be "baled" them out for the sailors.)

Finlandia Seaways, a Lithuanian-flagged ro-ro, experienced an engine room fire that seriously injured a sailor. The ship, carrying a crew of 20 Lithuanians, was bound from Zeebrugge to Rosyth. The injured sailor was hospitalized in the UK. The DFDS-owned vessel continued on her voyage under tow but expected to unload her cargo on schedule.

The UK's Accident Investigation Branch released its report on the collision in Dover Straits last July between *Huayang Endeavor* and the *Seafarrier*, a tanker and a bulk carrier. Both bridges were in communication and the actual conversation is a component of the report. The *Huayang Endeavor*, coming up fast on the tail of the *Seafarrier*, asked what were the intentions of the lead ship who responded that he also needed to know what the intentions were of the ship overtaking him. The rapidly approaching ship stated that he intended to pass on the starboard. The slower ship stated that he intended to ease to the port a few degrees but had little room to operate. Evidently the latter thought he was being asked to pass on the port side. Bang. The UKAIB recommended that *Huayang Endeavor* be more specific when communicating with other ships.

Big Rivers

Pig's Eye Lake lies within the city of St Paul, Minnesota, a city of great beauty lying beside the Mississippi. Very different from its twin, Minneapolis, St Paul was settled by the French early in American history and became the center for the Irish immigrants while their Scandinavian first generation folk went next door to Minneapolis. The difference is very noticeable even today, St Paul is rustic, older, traditional, replete with parks and bike paths and possesses the best bars in Minnesota. Their twin and its suburbs are Scandinavian, are very modern, joyfully display "snout houses," fancy cars and arrogance.

Pierre Parrent, an early whisky dealer, had a bad eye and thus received the moniker of "Pig's Eye." As a city grew around his operations, it was named after our good whisky man. In a way it is too bad the name did not stick. Wouldn't kids have loved learning that the Capital of Minnesota was Pig's Eye!

Anyway, St Paul is rich in river related activities. Paddle wheelers steam (OK, Diesel) through the various locks with magnificent views of limestone caves, Old Fort Snelling and deep forests. Running along the length of the Mighty Mississippi, the city features walking and biking trails and many parks with river access. At Watergate Marina a fake pirate ship waits to entertain children and old duffers alike while a couple of old style steamers proffer watery trips and the marina itself houses boats of all shapes and sizes. It is worthy of a trip to the Midwest.

The Citarum River in Jakarta, Indonesia, is considered the dirtiest river on earth because industry dumps 280 tons of waste per day into it. It is used for a sanitation dump site, has a lead level 1,000 times acceptable limits and is full of household waste. Finally the government has had enough and it decreed that cleanup is essential. Video monitoring, diligent chemical analysis and follow up are top priorities in order to achieve the goal of making the river safe for drinking by 2025.


The State of Minnesota sued 3M, the makers of sticky notes and Scotchguard, for massive pollution violations. On the day of the trial, 3M quietly agreed to pay \$850 mil-

lion in restitution for their dumping perfluorocarbons (PFC) in the river. That's pretty close to a billion dollars! FYI, PFCs are powerful greenhouse gases that can exist for thousands of years. The carbon fluorine bond is among the strongest in organic chemistry. PFCs are sundry carbon atoms attached to fluorine atoms and are resilient, odorless and tasteless and are used in everything from semiconductors to house siding. The actual health issues with PFCs are hotly debated subjects with Canada claiming that it is highly unhealthy and particularly impactful on climate change. England maintains it is not all that bad. Who does one believe?

We're #1! We're #1! Iowa has been rated the worst state in the US for bridge safety. *Time* magazine claimed that Iowa was the worst polluter of the Mississippi. Now Iowa State University says our waterways are horrific and need about \$4 billion to clean them up. The Iowa budget faced a terrible shortfall of money this year and had to deal with a 10% across the board spending cut as well as cleaning out our mandated "Rainy Day" fund. Now our Governor, Kim Reynolds, and our Republican Senate and House have decided we need a \$2 billion tax cut. I am so very, very proud of our state.

Some months back I mentioned Eric Leis who discovered a new parasite in catfish. Being an apt biologist, Eric named the parasite after his favorite biology professor, Becky Lasse. Now he has discovered another parasite and he has named it after his parents, Mike and Alice Leis. *Ligictaluridus michaelinea* doesn't really harm the catfish.

Don't you just love dilemmas? Long story short, a drainage ditch somehow grew and grew. Drainage ditch ended up being a perfect habitat for trout. Environmentalists want the "trout preserve" kept as is. Farmers want their drainage ditch back. Don't you want to come back in another life as a DNR person?



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These are the times that try men's souls. Sometimes, in the affairs of men, their words come back to bite them in the butt! After all my emphasis in Part Two about "materials being suitable for the intended use," I admitted that I had failed to do an early "boil test" on the plywood I had chosen for this project, and I testified that when I did eventually perform that test on that plywood, it failed.

In my misplaced urgency to get on with the project, I had decided to press on regardless with the Revolution Ply Utility Plywood 5mm from Lowes, especially when the factory rep assured me by phone that the glue was waterproof, which turned out to be untrue. By doing so, I have spent two months of spare time, plus four sheets of that plywood, producing an almost completed hull. But during that time there was also ample opportunity for sober reflection on what I was about to do.

I am now at the point where I have used only about \$60 worth of plywood and a couple of months of spare time, but if I continue, I will invest about \$200 more in epoxy, fiberglass, primer and paint, plus even more time, trying to hopefully convert an unsuitable wood into a perhaps suitable hull. The alternative is to scrap what I have done and start over with a suitable alternative material.

It happens that I must now, for unrelated reasons, take about a two week hiatus from the project, during which I will do two things:

1. Make and boil test several coating versions of the current plywood with various combinations of epoxy, glass, primer, paint.

2. Search out other options.

3. Then I will make a final, better informed decision. Here's the project as it now exists:



One reason I had chosen the Michalak Larsboat hull is that I had been fascinated by the hull design Jim first used on his Toto single seat kayak. That design was lengthened to produce the Larsboat two seater. It is not every day you see a V-bottomed bow which transitions into a flat bottomed, double chined hull. This is obviously somewhat more complex than the usual rectangular-shaped trimaran hull.

Building Trilarars

Part 3

By Jim Brown

This complexity shows up when fitting the odd-shaped bilge panels in between the side panels and the bottom panels and getting a decent fit. Jim M. shows the oversized dimensions for these panels on the plans, but cautions the builder to fit them in place. The odd shaped bilge panel is in reality a "shutter plank" which must be accurately fitted between existing side and bottom planks.

The photos below show that the side planks did form not a smooth curve when butted up against the temporary forms and bulkheads and therefore the bilge plank, which was marked and cut to fit against those planks, did not fit precisely. I know many Michalak Toto kayaks and Larsboats have been built successfully and therefore the problem must rest squarely in my lap. So be it! These problems could be "easily fixed" should I choose to do so.



The new 60 minute boil test on the Utility Ply has now been completed and showed:

1. When the ply is completely encapsulated in epoxy/glass, it passes the test with no perceptible problems.

2. When one side of the sample has epoxy/glass, the other side has epoxy only and the edges are epoxy coated, the sample withstood 15 minutes of boiling, but by 30 minutes the veneers were loosening on the epoxied side and by 45 minutes the veneers had separated. This appeared to be due to water penetration at the edges where the epoxy had soaked into the wood and there was not a sufficient water barrier.

3. When two coats of spray primer and two coats of spray paint were added to the above sample, the water penetration was reduced and the veneer problems were delayed by about 15 additional minutes.

In my opinion there are many reasons with epoxy/fiberglass and any plywood, for whether it passes the boil test or not, such as non waterproof glue (any non exterior grade ply), susceptibility to rot (lauan, okoume), checking of the wood surface over time (fir, pine), providing a better surface for primer/paint, stiffening of the plywood sheet and so forth. Even exterior pine or fir plywood, marine okoume, marine fir or whatever should be epoxy/glass coated to result in what Jim M. calls a "ten year boat," which won't require a lot of maintenance over time.

I have also looked into the availability of alternative woods and found:

1. The BC Pine at Lowes had better (exterior rated) glue but worse wood. In my previous boil test the glue passed, but the wood had swollen perceptibly. However, at \$22.98/sheet, the BC pine would be a reasonable choice despite more voids in the center ply and more surface defects than the less expensive Utility Ply.

2. I found two sheets of 6mm "marine mahogany" ply available within about a 80 mile round trip, (\$66.12/sheet). However, the shop owner informed me that their supplier has gone out of business and they have no idea when additional sheets might be available.

3. To my knowledge, there is no other supplier of marine ply within about 500 miles of here (Sweetwater, Tennessee). The website at World Panel (located coastal North Carolina and Florida), offers 6mm (1/4") okoume 5-ply marine BS 1088 2440x1220mm (approx 4'x8'), for \$72.80/sheet. Four sheets needed for this boat would be \$291.20 + \$139 shipping = \$430.20 delivered to a truck depot about a 150 mile round trip from here. Fir marine ply would be less, \$306.90 including shipping to the same depot.

My conclusion is that, if I had to make the choice again, I might choose the Lowes exterior 1/4" BC pine despite the voids and warps. Would I recommend the Utility Ply as a boat building wood? No, I would not. I could probably get away with continuing with this project as is, by ply/glass encapsulating the exterior and coating the interior and all ply edges thoroughly. But what are the chances of encapsulating all edges well enough to prevent eventual failure? I have decided not to try to do so, even though the glass cloth and epoxy are bought and paid for.

I have also decided that any real marine ply would be prohibitively expensive, and that I do not want to redo the hull with the Lowes BC Pine 3-ply exterior ply if I can avoid doing so. Therefore, I have decided to abandon this Larsboat project altogether and to look again at my original intention of building the main 16' trimaran hull out of XPS Foam, based on my previous good experience with our Sawfish 12 build, described in a previous article.

This was a difficult decision to make, considering the time and effort already devoted to this project. However, sometimes it just becomes obvious what is the right thing to do. Don't compound previous errors by proceeding on the wrong course. So the next installment might have a different name, a whole new design and hopefully some progress to report in a new direction.



Once you've made a decision, act on it, especially if you might be seduced again by that hardwood Utility Ply that looked so good with no voids and no warps. It didn't


take much more than an hour or two to disassemble the whole boat and cut it up. This project is in the bag!



On a brighter note, I have received from Dave Gray, the 59sf Michalak Leg-o-Mutton Polysail in Blaze Orange with white trim. It is beautifully made and exactly what I was hoping for. Thank you, Dave. I didn't spend any new money this month so the accounts are unchanged. Design of the new approach in foam construction is well underway and construction will start after the next payday!

Thus endeth Part Three, with some disappointment but great hope for the future. Thank you, dear readers, for bearing with me. Faire Winds until we return again.

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Hey guys, here's the newest Scamp in the world. Richard Thompson finished it up and then headed out for Cedar Key in early May. It's built from plans and the sail and rigging came from Duckworks. He made this one a little stronger than the plans or the kit boats call for. Every single piece of plywood is glassed on both sides with 10oz cloth except for the outside, that was glassed with a layer of 23oz tri axial cloth.



It will not be a Garage Queen, he'll beat the hell out of it. This may be the only one with a tabernacle mast with the lines running under the cabin top, he can do that when everything stays hooked up. To rig it he just pushes the mast up, pops in a couple of bolts and that's it. All of the other lines are automatically rigged including the main sheet, takes about five minutes to have it rigged and ready to sail.



One thing he didn't like much was the hard little 1/8" lines used for the outhauls and such but the other stuff is great and the rudder hardware is really impressive, good job. He got an extra set of pintles to put on the mast crutch to hold it.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

I've mentioned this boat before, Channing Boswell took a ratty old Navy launch and made it into a cool tour boat. I think he said that it was electric. This has to be the most solid boat I've ever seen.



Here are three pictures of *Queen Ann*. The big red one got its name from the little red head one. She's our two-year-old granddaughter in Japan. They'll be coming back to the States at the end of this year. She got her red hair from her grandmother Helen.



Richard and I have come to the conclusion that the Sanderling will not be in our future after all. I'm busy with the giant *Queen Ann* and he has finished his SCAMP and now wants a go fast boat kind of like my *Lurlyne* so we'll pass this one on to one of you for \$6,000 as it sits here on a great trailer.



This one is a 1975 model, back when they made them really solid. There are some areas that need attention, the plywood cockpit seats need replacing and the cockpit floor is soft and needs replacing, also. Both are easy to get at and you know that you need to put a little of yourself into it anyway.

For \$6,000 you better be putting something into it. Marshall didn't offer the tabernacle mast when this boat was made so it had to have gone back to the factory sometime after the mid '80s to have this one installed.



I took a couple of pictures of the trailer so you could see how good it is, it's a 2000 Load-rite. The tires and springs are good and other than some of the bolts there is no rust.



I bought this one just as you see it here, I finally got the boat I always wanted but am too old to appreciate it. I hate it when that happens.



A real photographer, John Phillips, stopped by last week and took some pictures, I'm not sure they make the shop look any neater than usual but sure are clear.

I love the one of the outhouse, I should do my whole house like this. John made it to be almost indestructible. It was shocking how much material went into this little thing.

Lurlyne is always in the water ready to go.

General Specifications
 LOA: 18'2"
 LWL: 17'6"
 Beam: 8' 6"
 Draft: 19" board up and 4'4" board down
 Sail Area: 253sf
 Displacement: 2,200lbs
 Ballast: 500lbs
Standard Features
 Cuddy
 Teak rub rails and coaming caps
 Teak handrails on cabin top
 Teak trim around cabin trunk
 Teak louvered companionway doors
 Teak centerboard cap
 Self-bailing cockpit
 Burnished bronze hardware
 Fixed bronze portholes (4)
 3" foam berth cushions for two
 Painted aluminum spars
 Braided running rigging
 5.4 oz Dacron sail
 Sail cover
 Varnished ash tiller

This boat has most options and even after all these years most still look good. Come on by and take it home with you. Damn, after writing this up maybe I want to keep this one, no, Helen just gave me the stink eye.

Ain't she a beauty? Here's the link to the Marshall site. You can buy one new if you want to and have a shitload of money, http://www.marshallcat.com/html/18-_sanderling.html



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Crawling Around on Cold Concrete

You may already know this, crawling around on a concrete floor in January just isn't as much fun as it used to be.

Today was "New Hubs and Bearings Day," one of the gottadodays for *Miss Kathleen's* eventual break to daylight. Certainly this is the sort of thing that is at least a mite more pleasant indoors. So...

Our staff trailer doc got out his flashlight, leaned in close and said, "Hold still... this won't hurt...much."



Doc mumbled something about "internal bleeding...might need a specialist...nurse, clean that up a bit..." And then it was time to see about a few things like lotsa plaque in the meniscal cavity, plenty of signs of arthritis and a few more age related conditions we boys are prone to.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers



Doc got his instruments together and did some pre op preps.



Doc administered the grease treatment to all the mating and rolling and sliding surfaces. Greasy fingers and camera lenses don't travel well together, so all the new parts are still clean and unslippery here.



And here.



But not here. Greasy brake shoes just don't seem as popular as they once were either. But after some more rolling around on the floor.



Doc says, "OK, that's one side... now face the wall, so we can have a look at the other side... I think this boy is gonna be alright..."



Finding a Place for the Wiring Hairball

It seems that when we made *Miss Kathleen's* cabin longer and decided to put a folding table in one corner of that longer cabin space, the electrical panels and battery spaces and a huge hairball of wire got orphaned.



We've been wondering where all that wire and those batteries were gonna go. A few ideas, no solid commitment from either Engineering or even Ergonomics. One of those waitense things, I guess. Well, we're sorta finished with painting the exterior. We're more or less done with the outside gingerbread and much of the inside foo foo stuff. The trailer is ready for his upcoming break to freedom. Seems it was high time to figure on some of the remaining fingeritowts that have sort of lurked around the bottom of the TODO board. So it seemed, even when the rest of the house was starting to decide how it was gonna go together, that hairball just stayed all balled up. It was gonna take some doing to get it untangled.



So we built a box about four times as tall as it is wide and deep. We gathered up some of that hairball from back where the electrical stuff used to be and we whomped up a sort of a thing.



We cobbled together an electrical load center, one still without a home. So we had to shop around for a place to put it. It needed to be handy, but not in the way.



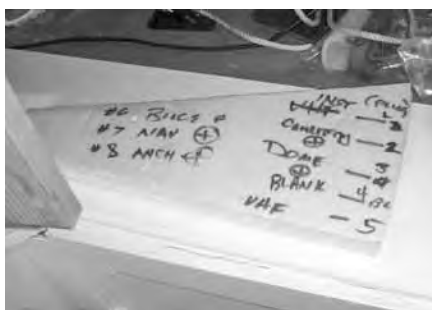
The Design guys decided, after another period of back 'n forth, that it would work up forward, near the helm. But the Ergonomics guys were all for removing the place altogether and making it easier for the skipper, who claims to be getting stiffer and less pliable, to crawl up forward and poke his head outa the hatch to work the anchoring stuff. And the Weight and Moment guys have been pushing for more weight and moment up forward. Actually, their big deal has been to get some of the lead outa the butt end to do a couple of things. One is to allow the ol' girl to ride a bit higher in that end when going and coming from and to the trailer. Another is to reduce the squat when we reach our Mach II of about 7 knots. Nobody seems all that interested in multiplying the square root of the waterline much lately.

We cut just enough of the berth away for that club footed skipper to dance around it and to still leave a place to put one of those heavy as a Volkswagen deep cycle batteries. One of the wisecracks who shows up at times like this pretty well put it all to bed, so to speak. "Listen, you ain't gonna get any taller, soooooo, waterya gonna do with a seven foot bed, anyhow?" Well, other 'n sit on it and put my sox on, not a lot, I guess.



Finding a Place to Put Things

Well, it does seem that we were probably making progress and that has been pretty hard to come by. Fiddly bits. Somebody had just gotten started with running branch circuits to the new panel box. In fact, I think it was the same guy who left his rather detailed schematic out for all of us to admire. Really a pretty high level of detail for this outfit lately.



Just the other day we started out to add a folding berth to port. We had the whole design detailed out. Well, there were details to work out, minor ones like how long it should be and maybe how wide, too. There was some disagreement over whether it should fold up, or fold down, or maybe even pull out. Also, we couldn't agree on whether it should be made out of $\frac{1}{2}$ " or $\frac{3}{4}$ " ply. I, for

one, was willing to get started cutting parts out and assembling them, while somebody else worked on those minor details. I think that was about when I figured that I had lost interest in the extra berth idea.

So I wandered off to see about a small table and a combo swivel/raise lower chair that might stow away under the side deck. And while I was at that, somebody started working on the electrical stuff again. Got a bunch of tools out.



He even dug out a few bins of miscellaneous treasures, some we might even find a use for. Probably not the bug repellent though. There's another half foot of snow forecast for this week. That will probably put a delay into the coming bug season.



But there's a problem we haven't even begun to solve. Our Head Shop Organizer up and quit about two boats ago, maybe three or four. So, I got this brilliant idea that I set up a temporary Hot Projects table. Actually, it was the radial arm saw table, truth be told. As I was saying, a temporary sort of arrangement that could sort of be a place to put things like, well, like.

Actually, I don't have a damn clue what's on that table anymore. I'm not real sure why that Shop Organizer quit either. Other than the hours or the pay or the upward mobility, it was a plum position. I really miss that guy!



That Hairball of Wires

Well, we seem to have gotten the hairball of wires more or less under control. I did make a definitive list of circuits that need to be run. Well, most of 'em. Somehow we did manage to make a place for that cotton pickin' C-Pap machine and we already had the power supply unit that works on 12vdc, but somehow nobody noticed that there wasn't actually 12v supplied to that place. Navigation lights and dome lights were supplied, just not the C-Pap. We came home with a 100' roll of #16-2 stranded wire from NAPA the other day.

We did get a handful of those cute little LED courtesy lights cut in and plumbed. And there was a lot of daydreaming about where to put the side lights. These are refugees from the old cabin sides. Way back, eons ago, Columbia had somebody build a pair of bomb proof light sockets for up in the eyes of the ship. Actually, they WERE the eyes of the ship.



The inside mounting was simplicity itself once somebody figured out how to get those itty bitty wires in through the same hole that the mounting bolt had to come. Neoprene washers. So far it works anyway. The inside isn't all that complicated, just hard to get to with septuagenarian joints doing the crawling and kneeling and bending over.



From this angle it looks like somebody better get hot on trimming out the overhead in that new trunk we whopped up a couple of months ago. That is just about the Last of the Mohicans when it comes to interior woodwork that is planned for this yard period anyway. But otherwise, things were pretty well tied back and secured, as we called it a night. This is also the top of the chain locker that funnels down into the forefoot. A shelf with dedicated circuit and 12v plug are now set for the C-Pap machine. I looked and looked at the small number of choices of those Sea Dog switch panel labels. And then it was obvious. "Blower."



That didn't exactly answer the fact that nobody remembered to run a line for the anchor/steaming light. Granted, nobody has figured out where it's likely to get mounted but since when do we worry about doing things in a specified order?

Somehow we've got 11 branch circuits identified so far. That whole hundred feet of #16-2 has just about disappeared into this locker and that catacomb. That's a lot when nobody has figured out where to put the desalination unit or even the autoclave yet. And all those circuits can't be hooked up to overhead lights yet. That darn overhead has to be removed and then put back on when we're finally outside. So all those wires are mounted with the ends coiled, labeled and

waiting to go to work. Hard to exactly tell when that might be, now. As we were knocking off from the night shift, after a long, long day of crawling around and poking wires through holes and kneeling in front of the panel box and wondering why I didn't make it just a little bit bigger, it was snowing hard.

A Hero at Work

I went out to the shop after what appears to be an early knock off. The TODO board was just the way the day shift left it. Nothing added or deleted except for the first aid kit which had been rather unceremoniously opened up and left laying on the bench. If I had to guess, several band aids had been removed. So, when I climbed up the ladder and took a gander inside *Miss Kathleen's* cabin, it was a surprise to see a swivel chair mounted to the floor back by the door next to the table. I checked it out, seems pretty solid, stows up against the cabin side, pulls out and away, raises and lowers. I explicitly seem to recall making a notation that we would be using a regular kitchen chair at the table. Of course, a regular kitchen table doesn't raise and lower to do double duty between sitting at the table and swiveling around and raising up where I can look out of the windows when underway. It was the first thing I saw a completely unauthorized and unplanned use of shop time and materiel. But it is fairly comfortable and it does seem to do the trick.



The actual first thing I saw was a sizeable gash in the end of a locker. That locker had only been there for a day. I left it with a second coat of paint and even a lid that seemed to work pretty well on the hinges. But now everything was cut ragged and left in disarray. Sort of like somebody was having trouble balancing on one elbow and holding the saw backwards or something. Just a guess on my part.



There was also this rather large gas tank that had been inserted into a rather small space and it sat upon a platform that somebody musta had a lot of trouble getting in there. Poor schmuck musta been crawling through an opening less than 12" high and then laying on the edges of $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood stringers. If he had any problems with claustrophobia or stiff joints or bad knees or stuff like that, he probably had quite a time back in there measuring and fitting and crawling back in and out and in and, yeah, I'm thinking that guy most likely considers himself a hero even if it wasn't on the LIST.



Details...Details...

It was one of those experiences that words cannot truly describe, like when you manage to let the pliers slip off the wrong sized nut in the almost inaccessible spot and they manage to mash down on your exactly in line index finger. Yep, for once words completely failed me. Not that I didn't try to find the right one, certainly those Anglo Saxons passed along a fairly complete inventory. By the time I had slid back out of that hole, I was still attempting to find the adequate descriptor. That really big blood blister isn't gonna get any smaller any sooner, if that nut doesn't get tightened up. So began the day shift.

First out of the chute. The bilge pump discharge hose isn't really an official marine thing, it's a very stiff household plumbing pipe. When I made the cabin longer, it lost its place in the Big Scheme of Things.



Somehow I was persuaded that if I cut a little here, chiseled a little off over there and bent it just soooooo. Well, maybe. The keeper nut on the fitting that is actually an inflatable boat valve body mount thingie that just happened to fit the three quarter hose barb that just happened to just about fit onto the end of the Pex tube that I had cut off quite arbitrarily with the Sawzall back when most everything was possible should have just about pulled everything into place.



If the plastic on plastic threads on the fitting that I substituted for the works pretty good metallic electrical conduit terminal fitting didn't pop first. Just one more turn. Maybe two more.



I suppose, if the time/motion guys were on duty today, they would have determined that each turn took about a half hour apiece. Add an hour for the ice pack to do its thing. Now I wonder if the damnfool thing will leak. As I read someplace, "Even duct tape can't fix stoopid."

Next, rethink the forward chock for that humongous fuel tank, two long screws counter-bored into the edge of a too short hunk of 2"x4". Another half hour. Can't seem to engage the screw heads down in those 2" deep holes. Deadblow hammer, chisel, prybar(s) and another mashed finger. A small pile of split 2"x4".



More quality time with the ice pack. Our dollar per man hour productivity rate has plummeted toward that of a kindergarten class chasing a spider across the playground.

With such an admirable beginnings, what else could go wrong?

That helm chair. For nigh onto two years that helm chair has worked just fine. Didn't wobble too much, was just about the right height, didn't intrude too much into the cabin floor space.



So it made perfect sense to try to improve it. Three hours later it's about 2" higher. The aluminum square tube that kept it from sagging isn't there anymore. Nobody knows for sure if the cabinet that it's attached to now will hold things. The screws that required tightening every year or so have been replaced with bolts that hadda be counterbored for to make 'em long enough and then cut off with the Sawzall to make 'em shorter.



Oh yeah, and that genius idea of putting the helm seat on top of a small enclosure that would hold the toilet and associated equipage was, of course, shelved. But we do have more floor space.



Who knows, maybe after our five minute break for hardtack and grog, this naer'dowell tribe will find something that works the first time. Can't wait to see what that might turn out to be.

Now, the Midnight Oil Burns

Somehow we had an unplanned day off. Dunno how that happened. I think it was the first one since we started this Orgy of Motrin back about Thanksgiving Day. Other than fabricating a new roof rake and pulling a few tons of snow down from the house roof and the guest cottage out in the woods, we didn't get much accomplished today. I did go "visit" the two boats pinned under the caved in shed. The snow continues to pile up. So far both boats are passing the load through to the trailer tires. I fret that the hulls will burst in way of the bunks and rollers. It's "just one of those things" beyond anybody's control for now. Anyhow, that was today. The night shift guys kicked in and got some stuff done!

There's a new 120vac line from the cockpit up to the helm station and then on to the charger bay. A couple of GFCI receptacles and conventional boxes are all in and tied back.

It wasn't on the TODO list even but I enticed Sam to come over for some firewood. He tossed out a few equations and we found ourselves redoing the geometry of the out-board rudder. Somehow there's another 20° of swing to each side now. That should do some good things for the slow speed maneuvering we do.



Of course, the old stern platform won't fit anymore. There's a new panel for the motor door. Some wires and cables and hoses have to find new places but this will copycat much of the interior panels that we've added.



Then there was this burst of Sawzalling, grinding and cutting on something that sort of fell off the list and then sort of crawled back on. This is the underside of the new trunk cabin up forward. I've been wondering how many head knockers I had created. Sooooo, before you can say slamcrash-bangggg more than several hundred times,

there was a pile of fiberglass shards, chunks of plywood and general mayhem. Then, in a fit of symmetry, we paneled it in that yellow cedar that festoons the exterior.



I tend to describe working in a place like this as building a piano in a snake hole. Some sanding and varnishing and maybe we can get back to that list.



Stuff like getting that now hidden gas tank hooked up maybe. Still a ways to go but boy, howdy! We're just liable to make it. You know how, if you chip at something long enough, after a while you've got a pile of chips? This endless project is getting to that point. I did get the wrong color but I painted the floor anyway. Nothing like painting yourself out of a corner to make things seem like they are winding down. Stuff is simply FLYING off the TODO list these days. Just chip, chippin' away.

And things are really looking up. I've even begun to hear talk of moving the ol' girl outside, maybe in a couple of weeks. We're gonna be shutting the Frankenwerke down for most of a week, starting in a day or two. Some long overdue grandpa ops down in SOCAL where nobody has a snowblower.

About Handling That Stern Danforth

When I went out to the shop for the morning staff meeting and general turnover from the night crew, the snow pile had covered the shop window about 8' out from the wall. But that night crew had been busy, fidly bit busy. I think that counts at this stage of the project.



Our Safety and Ergonomics Officer has decided that hand grabs should be more distinctive. We'll see what the design guys think about that, probably soon. It is an interesting idea. He's also been working over the ground tackle with the same notion in mind.



In this case, the poor schmuck who has the duty of working that trailer winch right below just might appreciate his efforts. Or he'll be wiping red paint off his ball cap.



There's been a nasty gash in the interior brightwork above the wardroom table, right next to the Captain's Chair, as a matter of fact.



Looks like the night shift finally got somebody to do something about that. A bit of pigment/shellac and a coat of varnish and my earlier indiscretions amputating the former deckhouse with that Sawzall will be expunged. The S&EO was apparently working overtime last night. He's got a big problem. It seems the anchor handling crew has been complaining about stiffening fingers and bad knees every time they have to go out and deal with that stern Danforth. It used to find a mount on the stern platform that isn't there anymore.

Could be this just might work. That anchor crew can be a bit forgetful on occasion. They have been reportedly known to omit the extra lashings for road travel on more than one occasion. So this setup has to meet a number of challenges. Perhaps top of the list is idiot proofing. This view is actually a ready for the road display. The tradi-

tional chain has been eliminated for several reasons. First off, the stern hook gets dumped into the inflatable dink for quickie trips ashore or otherwise. That chain just doesn't make for a pleasant thing wrapped around an ankle, if you know what I mean.

The cordage here is a bit experimental. It's one of those newfangled Duckropes products. I hear rumors that Chuck and Sandra make it out of recycled cleaner bags. They melt them down and then spin it on Sandra's loom. They've even got this guy named Brummel on the staff who says he knows how to splice this new wunderrope. Supposed to be better than steel. But, best of all, I can tie it in a cleat hitch over the stowage cleat the night shift put right in front of the chain pipe that doesn't have chain in it anymore. Now, to the untrained eye, this may look like the durn anchor will just fall off the fantail. I thought so, too.



Seems that Wunderwhat Genius showed up for work last night, he took a chunk of HDPE and carved out a rabbet of some sort, then hooked it down to the fantail in an ingenious manner to keep that hook lashing in place with the Duckrope tied tight to the stowage cleat. I wasn't sooooo sure so I messed with that stern hook for the staff photographer.



I kept reminding him about all the times we've had to pull a Danforth with mud and weeds and rocks stuck in the flukes. They come up nasty, to the point that we just want to dangle 'em and dip 'em and stow 'em without actually have to TOUCH 'em. That's where this WG guy really got his sox all in one ball last night. The anchor's heel plate actually gets rolled under that chunk of poly as it lays down on the aft deck.



Should even be pretty simple to sluice things down with a bucket back there. The paint crew was pretty adamant about that.



There was another thing I noticed on my morning tour. The primary anchor handling winch is now up on the foc'sl. Soooooo, some genius found a really old sheet winch to use for breaking the stern hook out. Those Danforths can lift a mongotious amount of mud and gunk up off the bottom. That Old Guy who does most of the anchor handling insists he needs some of these technological improvements and this baby from the bronze-age of sailboat evolution just might turn the trick.



We've just about crossed that continuously receding finish line that I laid out back in November. *Miss Kathleen* is just about ready for going places, again! Just two big ones left on the TODO list: (a) Obtain, fabricate and mount windows and (b) obtain and mount a second set of trailer brake assemblies. And, at that point, we should be ready to pull the top loose, dismantle just about everything we've worked on for the past couple of months and pull her outside for reassembly. It just can't be much longer, now.

Euphoria... a Fickle Bedfellow!

All I hadda do was pull the idler hubs off the aft axle, pop the grease seals, pluck the inner bearings out the goop, reassemble everything into the newly acquired brake drum hubs and stick it back together. Piece 'a cake. Except.

Someplace in *Mr Tom's* checkered past somebody has done a, shall we say, LESS THAN PERFECT job of shortening (?) these axles. In fact, if it wasn't so hard to get a drill

to penetrate, I'd say they were stuck back together with modeling clay. Don't get me wrong, I do weird stuff like this alluetime. And, I have had my suspicions, but until I discovered that half the mounting holes for the brake assemblies had been welded over, I still had my hopes. The brake flanges are too distorted to allow the shoes to move inside the drums. I tried just about ever ything I could think of from shims to grinding to drilling to modifying the brake assembly. I guess you might say that the brakes are on, even when they aren't.



I laid flat on my belly on the concrete and ground things. I drilled things. I cursed at things. I smashed my fingers and finally, shall we say, the writing was on the wall in greasy, bloody letters. No longer a piece 'a cake.

Hubs, and brakes, and bearings, and odd bits are piled at the ready but that axle will have to be replaced.



He's out, measured and ready for his next assignment. I wonder what I'll try to build with that heavy as a Volkswagen steel tube.



Not a clue at the moment. It ain't rocket science but we'll need better precision than either horse shoes or hand grenades. The first axle I put brakes on a month ago wasn't factory stock either but I made it work. Or I think I did. This trailer ain't been outa the barn with the new hardware yet.

Like The Lucas said, "Why didn't you just go out and buy a trailer, all ready to go?" Jeez, Dave, pretty sure that was back when this was all gonna be a piece 'a cake.

Behney's Inspection By the Coast Guard

What Happens When You Miss the Bus

Back in May ago our Dory Master, Phil Behney, missed the United Technologies employee bus. It takes those formerly used to working at the Groton facility on the east side of the Thames River across to the new facility in New London on the west side of the mighty Thames.

No worries, thought Phil, for he often rows to work in one of our John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Dorries, in all kinds of weather I might add, and at all times of year. So he hustled down to riverside, hopped in a dory and started his way across the busy river. For those not familiar with it, the river is a busy place most mornings with the dock-side activity around Electric Boat, traffic from the Submarine Base and ferries going to Block, Fisher's and Long Islands.

Nothing unusual for Phil, except this particular morning the Coast Guard decided to do a safety check on the green dory with the single individual hustling across to work. They came alongside and shouted down, "Permission to Board," their standard opening gambit.

Phil looked up and said, "You are welcome to come on down, if you can find room."

The Coast Guardsman thought better of it and replied, "I think I'll just stay up here," as he pulled out his electronic tablet and started down his checklist. Meanwhile, the two craft were sliding down the river on the outgoing tide. The Coast Guardsman did not notice, but Phil did. Phil carefully replied

JGTSCA

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Groton, CT 06340

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www.facebook.com/JGTSCA
National: www.TSCA.net

We invite you to attend
one of our meetings, go for a row,
or get involved with our next
boatbuilding project.

to each Coast Guard question and produced the required safety equipment as requested. This dragged on for a while until Phil pointed out their downriver progress and the upriver place he had to go. So slowly the inspection was completed. Phil passed. The Coast Guard vessel motored off and Phil bent to his oars. The blisters on his hands he showed us on Friday night were impressive.

So what equipment was required, you might ask. Remember, Phil's boat is a 15'6"

manually propelled vessel transiting the river in broad, or almost broad, daylight, a Class A vessel, less than 16' with no gasoline engine.

As described in your "2018 Boater's Guide," available for free at your local Town Hall, Connecticut and US Coast Guard minimum requirements are:

*One approved TYPE I, II, III or V Personal Flotation Device for each person on board. Phil was wearing his.

*A means of making an efficient sound signal. Phil had his trusty police whistle.

*A Visual Distress Signal if in Fisher's Island Sound or Long Island Sound. Phil had an orange distress flag as well as an optional signaling mirror. If it had been night, Phil would have showed them his handheld flashlight.

Pretty simple, you might say, but it quickly gets more complicated as boat length exceeds 16' and any kind of motor is attached. The moral of this story, then, is cruise in small boats with oar and sail.

Around the Shops JGTSCA Boathouse at Avery Point

Dan Nelson reports on some projects that are in the works. We have three pairs of 7' oars that need finishing touches before they hit the water, mainly whittling away on the looms to fair them, from grip to blade. Once they are faired then two coats of clear epoxy sealer can be applied to the blades and upward about a foot onto the loom. Then, paint or varnish, apply leathers and they are done. We need these to make boats go!

The Payson/Wolfe dory is nearly done and will be off the shop floor soon.

George S. stopped in and dropped off the Good Little Skiff (GLS) plans and patterns. He spent a lot of enjoyable (his words) time doing this work, a few hours at a time, in the common area where he lives. When folks asked what he was doing, he would feed them a tall tale, another part of his pleasure in the task. We owe George a hearty "Thank You" for all he has done.

So, the build of the GLS should be in the near future. We have the plans and pattern in hand (thanks again, George!) and the recycled *Nina* molds are waiting in the shop. A once over of the lumber racks will tell us if we have any useful lumber on hand for the GLS project. The shelf above the work bench was been inventoried and little to nothing was found that will be of use.

Steve B. has a bundle of "D" shaped oak stock stored on the oar rack and he has generously offered to donate enough material to use on the GLS as rub rails or similar.

Thanks Steve.

Finally, Steve B. has made another generous donation to the boat house, a brand-new mini fridge! Excellent, Steve, we needed one!

Mystic Seaport

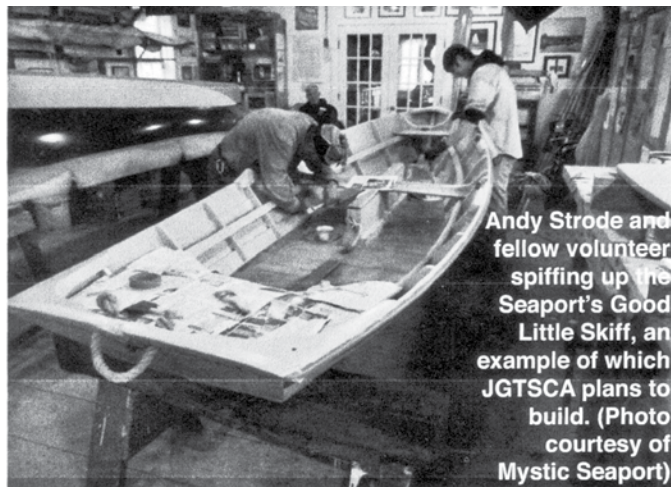
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Andy Strode and fellow volunteer spiffing up the Seaport's Good Little Skiff, an example of which JGTSCA plans to build. (Photo courtesy of Mystic Seaport)

"Ack!" That's what I said upon looking more closely at what I had there on the work board. What's in process is that one side of the forward section, a picture of which I had included in Part XVI. Here it is again for ready reference:



At a quick glance, nothing that awkward may seem evident, but a factor (or factors) became apparent upon closer examination that actually brought me to a screeching halt for a day or two. Then I spent the requisite (for me, anyway) time gibbering and then thinking and then deciding, "OK, let's see, we can do a couple of test pieces..."

My feelings about this, including my conclusion that test pieces were necessary, were because, upon re examining what will actually be involved in constructing a couple of the junctures that I had sort of roughed out in two dimensions, I started to wonder if what I had in mind would actually work, and I really wasn't sure it would.

This is probably partly because of experiences I have had in the past with a) working in a frame shop, and b) working with constructs embodying right angles in their construction (such as the framed screens I used in the Terry camper as part of my sliding door).

I had apparently developed a quasi phobic reaction to the concept of utilizing 90° angles in any structure. I look at one with the thought in mind of utilizing it in something I'm building and my reaction is (or was), well, I guess I've already pretty well summarized that in my one word opening paragraph.

One thought that crossed my mind was that I needed corrugated nails and I don't have any, and I didn't want to delay the project 'til I could get to a hardware store. Just in time I caught myself slipping into The "Hole in the Bucket" syndrome which often attacks those who are in the process of working on a project, especially when they encounter perceived snags.

What is this "syndrome" to which I refer? This next reference is rather lengthy, but it's also priceless. Probably part of why it's such an enduring and popular piece of folk culture is because just about everyone can relate to it one way or another; Either because it reminds one of oneself (at one time or other in one situation or another) or of someone one knows. Most of you, actually, are probably already familiar with the old song "Hole in the Bucket," but just in case, here it is:

"There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza. There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, a hole.

Well, fix it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. Well, fix it dear Henry, dear Henry, fix it.

With what shall I fix it, dear Liza, dear Liza? With what shall I fix it, dear Liza, with what?

With a straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. With a straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, with a straw.

But the straw is too long, dear Liza, dear Liza. The straw is too long, dear Liza, too long.

Cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. Well, cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, cut it.

Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts

Part XVII

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With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, dear Liza? With what shall I cut it, dear Liza, with what?

With an axe, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry, with an axe, dear Henry, dear Henry, an axe.

The axe is too dull, dear Liza, dear Liza. The axe is too dull, dear Liza, too dull.

Sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry, well, sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, hone it.

On what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, dear Liza? On what shall I hone it, dear Liza, with what?

On a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. On a stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, on a stone.

But the stone is too dry, dear Liza, dear Liza. The stone is too dry, dear Liza, too dry.

Well, wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. Well, wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, wet it.

With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, dear Liza? With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, with what?

Try water, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. Try water, dear Henry, dear Henry, use water.

In what shall I fetch it, dear Liza, dear Liza? In what shall I fetch it, dear Liza, in what?

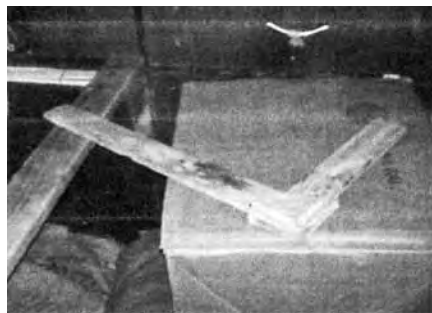
In a bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry. In a bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry, in a bucket.

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza. There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, a hole...

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/There's_a_Hole_in_My_Bucket and several other available sources)

So the next day on the way back down the trail after getting off the bus, I picked up an old piece of lath that I remembered leaving down by the O'Day Mariner. I figured I would be comfortable using it as a test piece because it could by now be categorized as expendable. I did a very rough test piece and it seemed to work.

So then I did this:



Which seemed, generally speaking, to be working except that pieces that small were tending to split when the screws were driven into them. (I hasten to add that spruce laths are generally very user friendly and splits happen very infrequently. These pieces, however, were lots smaller than anything I'd tried to use before.) Pre drilling would undoubtedly work, but right now because of various factors I don't have a drill with a bit small enough.

Eschewing the alternative of repining "I don't have a drill, Dear Liza, Dear Liza..." I went back to another idea which actually I'd thought of right before this one, but I didn't think I liked it as well. However, that one seems to work and plywood (which is what I selected for this next idea) doesn't split as easily.

Here's that one:



I still think this one may need a little help aesthetically and I may have an idea to ameliorate that factor later. But right this minute it seems to be working, so moving right along... Oh, wait. Of course. It's just that a straight line is (at least at that point and for that application) "blech!" but that's simply because what we need is a curve. I'm recalling various small vessels which have "knees." In lots of those old pictures of those beautiful hand wrought and sometimes "grown" knees, they all have nice curves. And I do have a compass saw (AKA Keyhole saw(?)). Actually, I cut the original *Dancing Chicken's* curved chines with one of those.

So. Nyah ha ha-a-a-a (to quote "Dis-honest John" Beanie and Cecil, Bob Clampett, ABC, 1959-1962)! I think that I may have just ridden successfully over several snags at once here. One (which I hadn't realized until just now was one of the major factors) being that I don't think that I'd had, up until this point, a really cohesive idea as to how I was going to actually assemble the last three junctures once I got there.

Now that I do, along with the fact that there is a long weekend coming up, I'm beginning to be more optimistic about the answer to my frequently asked rhetorical question: "Will she splash in the spring?" However, please note that I said "optimistic," not "reckless." Therefore, my reply at this point is still, "We shall see."



Slow indeed, for that's the announced nature of this undertaking, it's one to be pecked away at when the spirit (and discretionary time) permits. I have given it some attention since my last report and I am quite comfortable with the results.

As scraping off the old interior paint and varnish residues is the most tedious task, I have been doing it in small enough sessions to preclude boredom setting in. The "tide mark" between the varnish above the seats and the paint below can be seen here after all the old finish has been scraped away.



Some of the old exterior canvas remained in place along the keel, held in place by the stem pieces so the latter had to come off to get at it. I hoisted the hull into the air with the chain falls to best get at them, rather than roll it over and then back.



With all the screws out the stem pieces still hung on for dear life and it took some careful (for me) prying to get them loose without seriously damaging them.



My Old Town Rowboat Project

By Bob Hicks

Part 5: Slow Progress

They both came off in one piece in eminently reusable shape (again by my standards), thus saving me laborious molding, steaming and bending.



The stems both looked solidly fastened with no rot and the hull was now completely free of old canvas and zillions of tacks, which came out with the canvas and littered the bench and dirt floor. As they are copper they cannot be swept up with my shop floor magnet sweeper, so I scuffed them into the dirt and will not work barefoot this summer.



I had already removed the interior wooden "furniture" and moved it to my woodworking shop where I piled it neatly awaiting belt sanding to get back to solid wood under the surface fuzzy stuff.



The Old Town project is now on hold a while because with paddling season at hand (late May), top priority is to put another layer of fiberglass on the exterior of my 10' Cockleshell kayak (built about 25 years ago) for summer paddling around local marshes, beaver swamps and such shallow hummock dotted wetlands with Charlie (he has my old Heritage 10-footer) in search of flora and fauna (particularly turtles), places where my 14' Wilderness Systems Tsunami just won't fit. So the Old Town is shoved aside and the Cockleshell takes pride of place on the bench for the next round of fixer upper tasks.



But Wait, What About That Navigator?

Right. In my April "Commentary" I reported on how a free boat came into my possession, I couldn't resist. The 20' Navigator rowing sailing skiff built in the mid 1980s of "Sealight" plastic appeared to be almost ready to go and certainly wasn't a "gift elephant" that would overwhelm me.

She looked pretty trim in the photo at left sitting in the late March snow.

The squat little 8" trailer wheels were hopeless, rusted with long flattened and partly decomposed tires.



Fortunately the four bolt pattern accepted the 14" wheels from another trailer I built a while ago (out of an old riding lawn mower trailer) to haul my 14' kayak, which I no longer cared to loft atop a rack on my pickup in deference to still fully functional shoulders. This closeup of the new wheel in place also reveals the dent in the Sealight chine from 20 years of resting on the long badly decomposed bunks (which appears to not have penetrated the hull and thus will live on, no doubt creating some drag).



The trailer chassis extended back only to the midships bunks with about 50% of the weight hanging out in space, so I fabricated and bolted into place (after the snow finally melted) an angle iron frame extension before attempting to tow it the six miles home.

I saw no major issue with the boat to ready it for at least rowing so went immediately to strengthening the trailer for its new life. First task was to get it out from under the boat. The abandoned clothesyard down behind the barn looked to be about high enough to hang my chain falls on for lifting the bow, with an added support prop to bolster what might be a weakened 2"x4" crossarm.



The stern I jacked up with additional bracing under the gunwale overhangs.



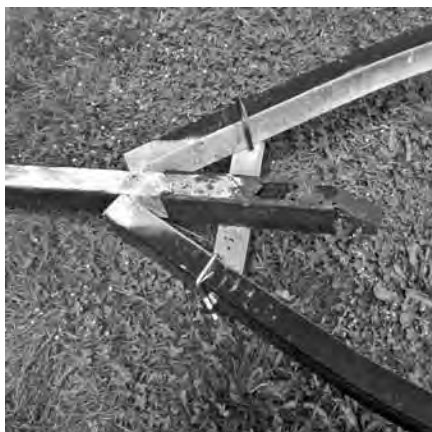
When I hoisted the bow to the absolute max with the chain falls two blocked, the tow bar dropped down and lo, I had a tilt trailer.



The weight just barely came off the trailer and I was able to edge it out from under the boat and block the bow in place ready for the trailer's return. I also left the chain falls holding the load.



Here is the trailer, the new looking extension I added to the rear is obvious. I plan to run a longitudinal 3"x3" square steel tube from the center of the back cross piece to the front stub at the pivot, cutting off that rusted away part. It will no longer be a tilt trailer, but this shallow draft hull has no need of that.



The old winch was rusted solid, this new one from Harbor Freight fits nicely but the bow chock is to close to draw up the hull fully so it will have to be spaced away a few inches.



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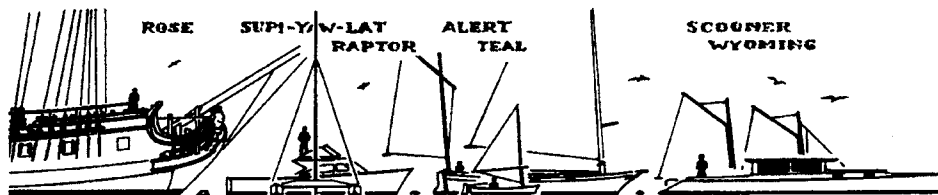
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Right in the middle of our New England boating season, two variations on a theme, both based on the diesel drive train we looked at in last issue with most of the same work possible with the 50/60hp outboard. So here the dive boat, sport fisherman, eco explorer, weddings and burials at sea, etc.

You may have heard the term "Six Pack," which stands for a simple way to run up to six paying customers on a boat without the operator requiring much of a specialized license. Six folks spread out around this 31' hull seems not improbable at all and, since I am assuming day runs, there are two options to cater to their needs:

Protection from weather within the wheelhouse was already discussed last issue, along with whatever canvas work and hoops over the afterdeck for folks to also huddle around the engine box, plus that private head in the house. A few more flipdown seats to port if we dump the galley block.

Protection at best for the helmswoman in a center console layout with the paying guests roughing it under oilskins, umbrellas or perhaps another canvas and hoop geometry abaft the narrow one person house and what little that house overhang will offer.

How these two options would work should be reasonably self explanatory. For #1, the house is as before, and for #2, with that center console amidships meaning no big

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column #525 in MAIB

windcatcher of a wheelhouse way forward, we can dispose of the mighty and deep daggerboard to port.

A choice of actual transverse cleats on the sloping cockpit floor aft and especially way up forward, or transverse strips of non-slip tape with both aging one way or the other sooner or later, are one wear item to provide safer footing and cheaper than getting someone's tailbone set in plaster.

We could argue about that handrail forward on the house version with a curved sloping lamination perfectly doable, of course. Or that perhaps the center console version should have additional rails above the sweep of that coaming. All to do as deemed fit, necessary or stylish, or all three at the same time.

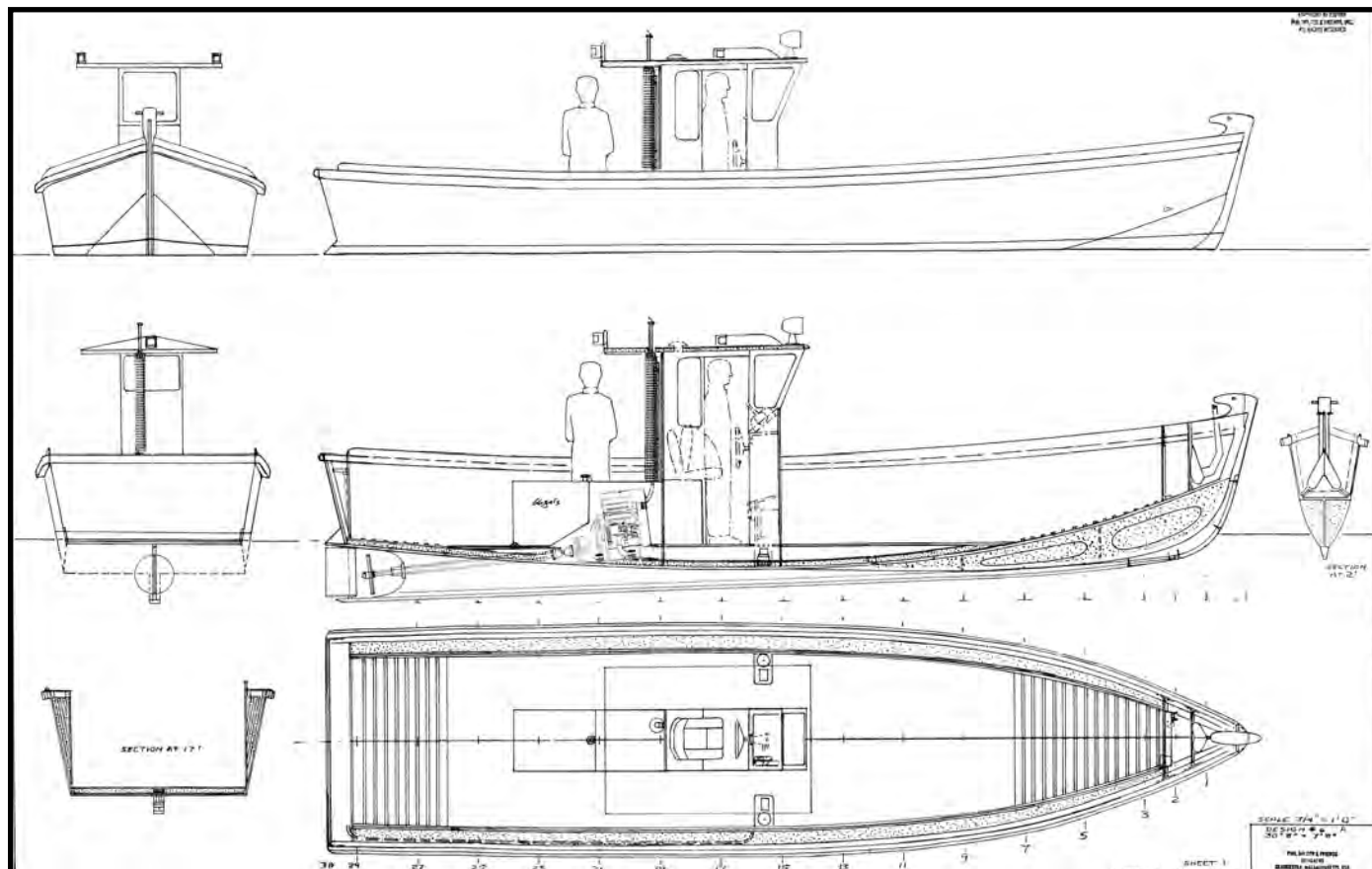
What is not optional is the fuel tank, something I barely mentioned in the last discussion. With that diesel engine box already right there, I just added this 65+ gal tank with this flush extension just adding 15" in overall box length to get that volume, good enough for a day run I'd think, easy enough to add to

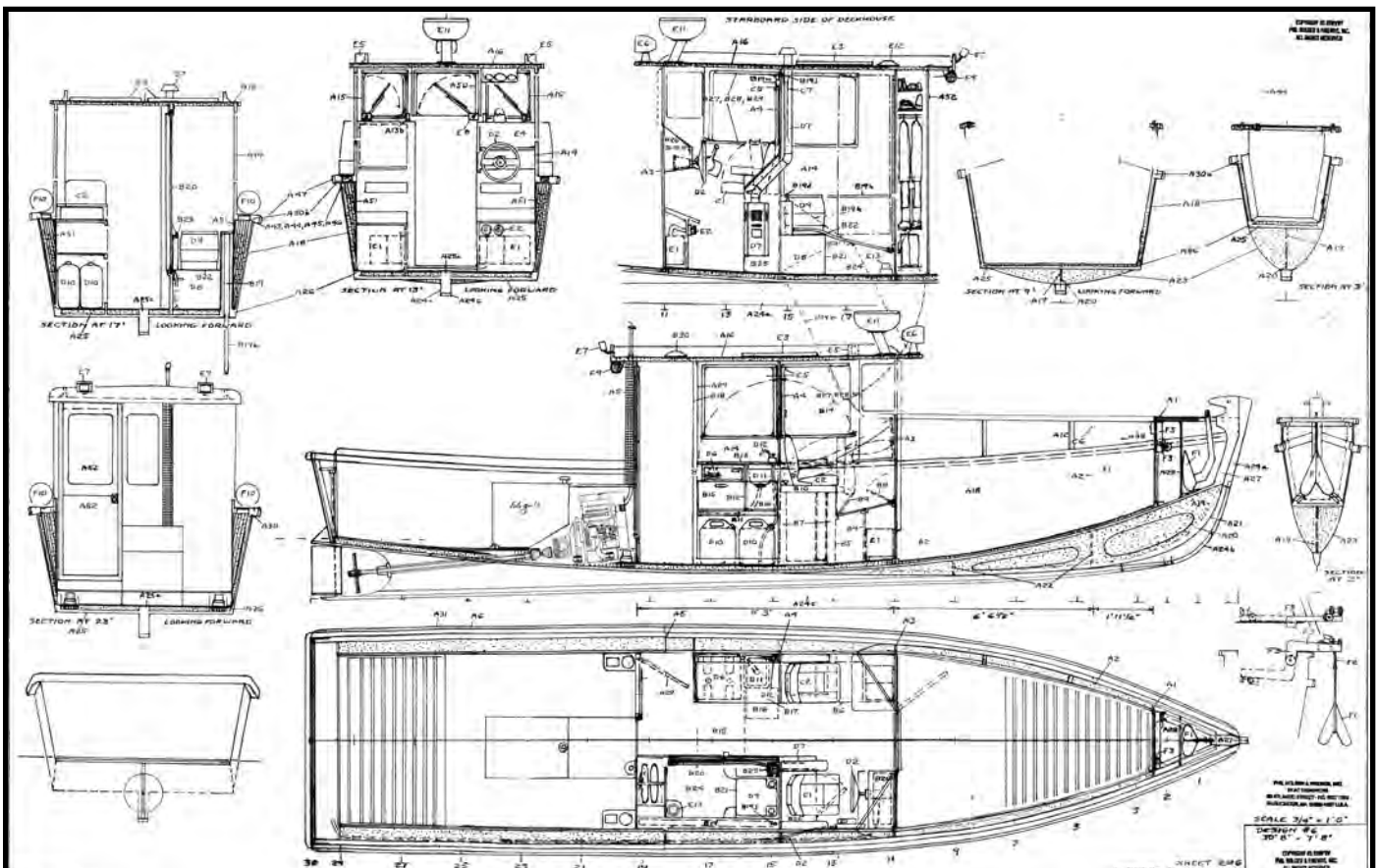
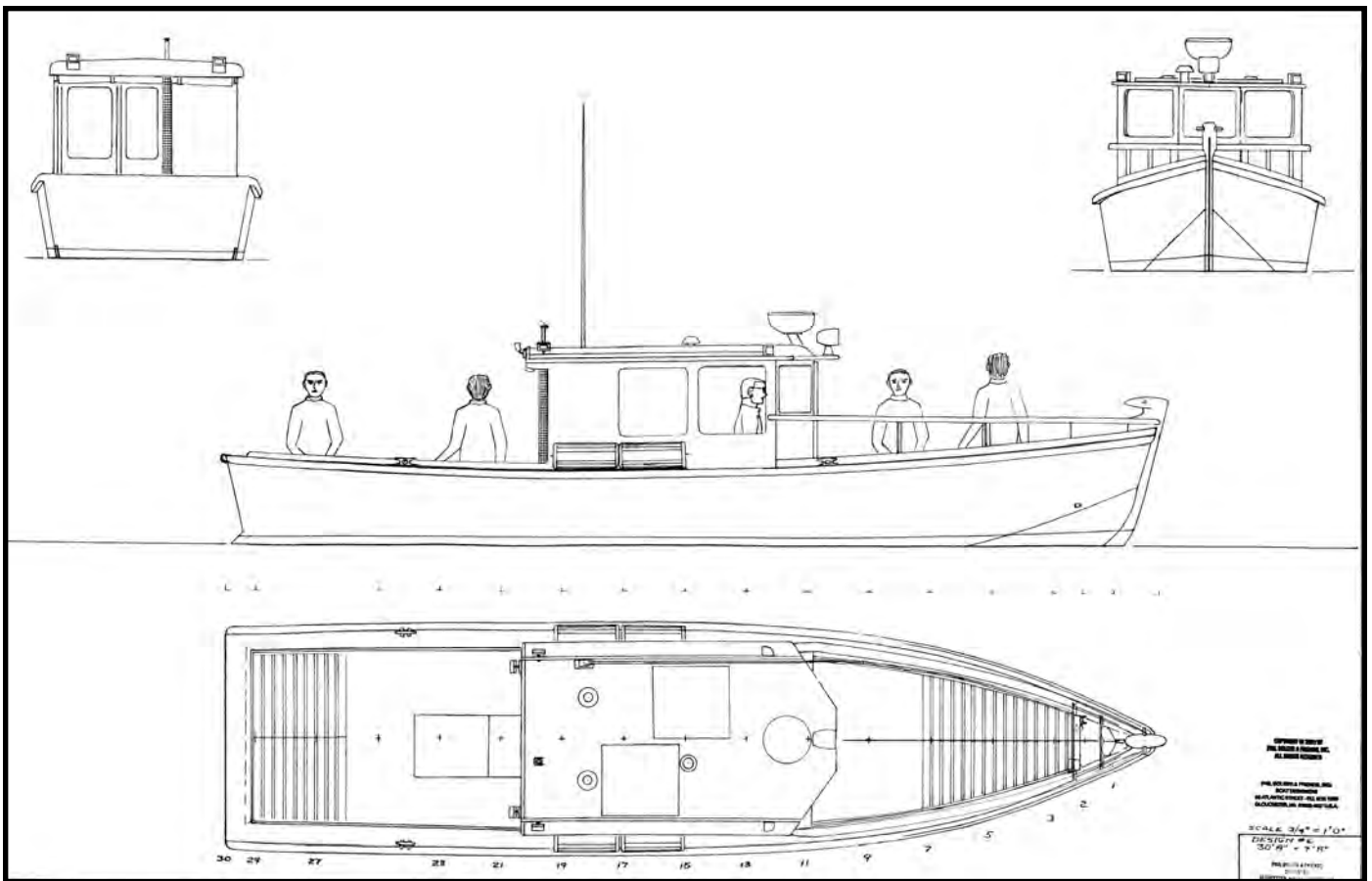
for more gallons and always easy to refuel and sound with a stick for good measure.

However, since that tank does cover most of the gearbox, the CV joints, prop-shaft thrust bearing, of course, and the stuffing box itself, eventually we may want to take a closer look down there. One way to do this is to mount the tank on the pivot axis bracket left and right of its rear end so that the tank, full or empty, could be tilted up to 90° aft and out of the way without that tank filler spilling the costly load. Lifting 65gals of about 7lbs per gallon of Diesel would be steep proposition at some 455lbs so a welded on bracket into which to insert a 2"x4" or just a single hydraulic jack near the prop shaft to push the bulk as high as we'd want, with pump action to our preferences, with some plumbing to be concocted.

Looking at both versions, some may already be scheming a bigger Diesel or separate deck mounted self contained welding unit next to such a generator set, an A-frame and a modest crane of sorts to lift out of the water and on to the float or another craft's deck, and lots of big light of course and perhaps a diving compressor. A Swiss army knife of sorts with all sorts of goodies to go and look for work with. Perhaps that Six Pack idea is not a good idea anyway since we'd have to have patience, social graces, deal with cranky two leggers, perhaps even take a shower every day?!

More concept studies in next issue...





A Beaufort Scale for Sailing Boats

By Duncan Wright

This is for a small boat sailor, deciding if the wind 10, 15 and 20 knots can lead to a change in the course or in boat handling. I have omitted discussion of other wind speeds. Estimating the speed of lighter winds is not as important. Estimating the speed of heavier winds, when small boats likely will be in the harbor, is not essential. Mean wind speed in knots is rounded off to an easy to memorize number. Wave heights omitted from this scale for coastal sailors, as John Rousmaniere suggests.

“WMO name” is short for World Meteorological Association Classification. All of the descriptive phrases are from the sources noted below. All of the advice is based on the sources as well. One piece of advice is modified, The Royal National Lifeboat Institution warns racing dinghy sailors that, in Force 5, “Gybing requires strong nerves and skill to avoid capsizes.” Since this guideline is directed at cruising sailors who may out of sight of rescue boats, I have revised it as noted.

Sources

German Meteorological Office cited in Gershom Blanchard, *A Glossary of Sea Terms*, New York, Dodd and Mead, 1946 (source for sounds of the sea).

Hart, John, *Modern Small Boat Sailing*, London, G. Bell & Sons, 1972 (Hart was Chief Instructor at the National Sailing Center, Cowes).

National Weather Service, *Beaufort Wind Scale*.

National Weather Service, *Observing Handbook No. 1: Marine Surface Weather Observations*. US Dept of Commerce, NOAA 2010.

Rousmaniere, John, *The Annapolis Book of Seamanship*.

Royal National Lifeboat Institution, *Dinghy Sailing; Sea Safety Guidelines*. Downloaded 2/5/18.

Force	Wind (knots)	WMO name	On land	On the water	Advice for crews at sea
3	10	Gentle Breeze	Leaves and small twigs in constant motion Light flags extend.	Waves are short and pronounced. Their crests begin to break; the foam is not white, but of glassy appearance.	Ideal breeze for small boats at sea.
4	15	Moderate Breeze	Dust, leaves and loose paper lift. Small branches move	Waves become longer with fairly frequent whitecaps. The breaking sea produces a short continuous rustling sound. On inland	Capsize possible. A tide of more than two knots running against the wind will cause short steep waves that can capsize a
				waters, wavelets with crests begin to form.	fourteen-footer, if not carefully handled. Novices should head to shore.
5	20	Fresh Breeze	Small trees in leaf begin to sway	Waves take a more pronounced long form. Many whitecaps. Chance of some spray. Sea breaks with a noise like a perpetual murmur. Taut halyards bend slightly. Low whistle in rigging	Think carefully about sailing. Only those with complete confidence should go out. Both crew will need to work hard to keep the boat upright, and it will go like a rocket off-wind. Tack around, rather than gybe, to lessen risk of capsize.



Beaufort #3: Gentle breeze, 7-10 knots, large wavelets, crests begin to break, foam of glossy appearance, perhaps scattered white horses.

Beaufort #4: Moderate breeze, 11-16 knots, small waves becoming longer, white horses.



Beaufort #5: Fresh breeze, 17-21 knots, moderate waves taking a more pronounced long form, many white horses, some spray.



Part of the material you see in the articles I submit comes from observation of current events or remembrances of the past boating activities. Part comes from the variety of boating related publications I receive in the mail. For "current events" a trip to a launch ramp and simply watching how others do things can be a learning experience. From watching how others operate one can learn what does (or doesn't) work, saving time and trouble when launching/retrieving your boat.

Of note was the man who had secured his wooden tire chocks with line to the back bumper of his tow vehicle. When he drove forward after launching the boat, the chocks bounced along behind until he was off the ramp and could put the chocks back in the trunk. Another time, it was a joy to watch a person back down the trailer and hit the brakes just as the trailer wheels reached the water. The boat slid off with a line from it to the trailer. He pulled forward to bring the trailer up from the water and the boat back to the ramp. He secured the boat and drove off to park the trailer. Both neat, economical and useful ideas. On the other hand, I will not forget the time I forgot to put the drain plugs in the sterns of our catamaran and had it sinking as soon as it was launched and in the water!

An article in the April 2018 issue of *Professional Mariner* (p 39) on slippery liquid infused porous surfaces (SLIPS) bottom coating sounds like something we could all use on our boats, if it works as the initial testing seems to indicate. An article in the Spring 2018 issue of *Sea History* (pp 22-27) about a World War II LSM that was converted into a salvage vessel (*M/V Salvage Chief*) and used Eells anchors to hold the vessel off the beach while retrieving a vessel aground on the beach had me looking into the Eells anchor, as I had not heard of this anchor before. Mr Albert F. Eells applied for a patent for his Eells anchor in March 1917 and the patent was granted in January 1920. In essence, it is a stockless anchor with two flukes and a pivoting shank. His anchor looks very familiar in its shape and construction (<https://patents.google.com/patent/US1327201>).

Most of us have screens over the fuel tank vent line to keep it from being clogged by a variety of insects looking for a home. I had not thought much about the problem of screens over the openings for inboard and I/O engine compartments to provide a sufficient air flow for the engine until I read an item in the Spring 2018 issue of *The Ensign* (p 5) on bird's nests and dropping inside the engine compartment of the boat. It seems that birds entered through the vents to the engine room and set up housekeeping.

Our Sisu 26 had inlet and outlet vents for the Diesel engine with clamshell coverings and screens. The outlet vent also had a fan attached to insure a proper airflow to/from the Diesel engine area. Of course, the boat was built in 1985 by people who knew the need to screen the vents. In today's world you might want to check to see if there are screens over any holes into your boat above the water since (according to the report) such barriers are not required by the Coast Guard. What I also find of interest is the number of boats on the market with air intakes below the gunnels. What a great way to get water into the bilge in rough water!

From time to time recreational and commercial boating related magazines have arti-



cles on Diesel electric propulsion as if this is something new. In various forms Diesel electric and steam turbine electric propulsion systems have been around since after World War I. The idea of a decentralized propulsion system was embraced in warships as a means to decrease the possible damage to the propulsion system and to spread out the weight of the generators and the electric motors that spun the propeller shafts. There was also the reduction in the weight of the system and less need for various gearbox arrangements as the electric motors could run at different speeds and in reverse as needed. What brought this to mind was an article in March 2018 issue of *Marine News* (pp 26-29) on proposed Diesel electric propulsion for tugboats. If such a system (using steam turbines to spin the electrical generation system) could propel World War II battleships, a Diesel electric system ought to be able to propel a tugboat.

While skimming through the various magazines, I always take time to read the "Letters to the Editor" section, if the magazine has such. The February/March 2018 issue of *BoatUS* magazine had a letter from a doctor stating that meat tenderizer is not a valid treatment for marine stings even with anecdotal testimony to the contrary (the doctor recommended vinegar and hot water). As one of those anecdotal persons, I wrote a letter to the editor suggesting it is the mix of chemicals in the meat tenderizer that does the trick, not just one or two chemicals.

The April/May issue had a follow up letter from a doctor who has used meat tenderizer for many years to treat stings. His letter noted that the active ingredient can be either papain or bromelain (both are digestive enzymes) and that you should check the ingredients of a meat tenderizer before using such on a marine sting. Put some salt water on the sting and then add the meat tenderizer. Who knows what the next issue of that publication will print on the subject? In the meantime, there is a lot on the web on the subject, most of which supports the use of the proper type of meat tenderizer.

A Virtual Aid To Navigation (ATON) is an electronic navigational aid that is not physically present. Its presence is detected electronically if you have the proper equipment onboard. We are all familiar with physical ATONs (lighthouses, stakes in the water, buoys, etc), it is the new electronic ones that may be a problem to the recreational boatman unless his vessel has an internationalized AIS receiver or a chart plotter that recognizes the signal broadcast for the virtual aid. An advantage of the virtual ATON is the ability to place a navigational aid where a physical one could not be established for any number of reasons. One concern of such an aid is that it could be disabled or moved electronically with resulting navigational problems for the user! A "good lookout" is still your most reliable navigational activity.

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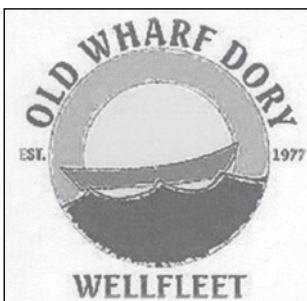
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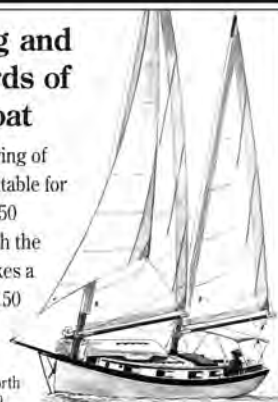
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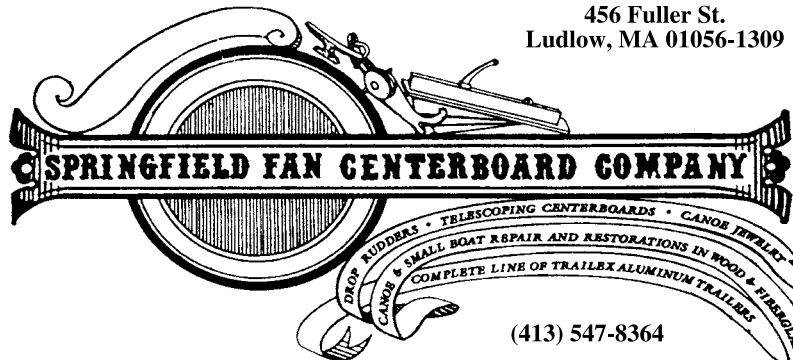
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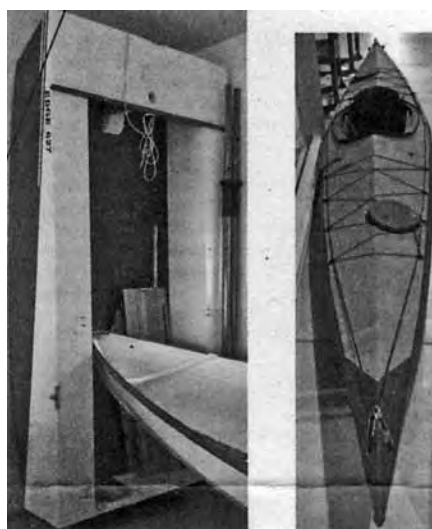
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Just a few thoughts on one of the hardest tasks a sailor ever faces, naming or re-naming a boat. Naming a boat is much harder than naming a kid. If you give a child a name he or she doesn't like the kid can always go by a nickname, adopt a new one or run away from home. But once you name a boat, you're stuck with it until you get another boat.

It's hard to come up with names that aren't banal, prosaic or offensive in someone's eyes. When I lived in Miami I regularly saw a 50' sport fisherman on Biscayne Bay that was called *Poverty Sucks*. Everyone hated that guy.

Another sailor in the 1980s named a boat *I'm Judy*, *Sail Me* after his airline stewardess wife. She worked for an airline that had a series of "I'm So and So, Fly Me" television ads that featured its female employees. He caught a load of crap from people who called it sexist but was proud that a national sailing magazine put him on its list of "Worst Boat Names of the Year."

One of my favorites was a sailboat from Michigan called *Fujimo*, its name drawn in a vaguely Oriental script on the hull of an International 50-footer owned by a fanatic racer. It made a great picture of *Fujimo* sailing on the Sea of Japan under snow capped Mount Fujiyama when a Japanese zillionaire hosted the whole International 50 fleet for a major regatta.

But the name had nothing to do with the mountain or even Japan, for that matter. The owner's marriage was near an end when he decided to replace his 44-footer with the 50 and spend even more time away from home racing. His wife said that if he bought the 50 it would be the final straw, and *Fujimo* was an acronym for the last words he allegedly heard from her as she left, "F--- You, Jerry, I'm Moving Out!"

## Boat Names

By Eric Sharp

Now I have no beef with common names like *Starlight*, *Susie Q* and *Mon Ark* seen in so many marinas, other than to feel sorry for the boats. And if you name a boat *The Office* or *Seaduction*, you'll find a lot more people than you think have done the same.

A boat name should be very personal, reflect something from your life that few others share and it should be unusual or memorable at the same time. Some favorite boat names I've run across include the old maxi yacht *Running Tide*, *Luna Rosa*, the Italian America's Cup boats named for a Neapolitan love song and *Bondi Tram*, named for the fast, noisy streetcars that used to carry raucous crowds to and from Bondi Beach near Sydney, Australia. They haven't run for 50 years, but Aussies still say that something fast is "going like a Bondi tram."

Another favorite was a 7½' Optimist pram. *Tilt* was perfect, as anyone who has watched 10-year-olds dumping and uprighting these tiny boats will confirm.

*Tiny Dancer* intrigued me, as much for its derivation as its poetry. It was a 17' sloop owned by a guy who was sailing around the world. He had already sailed the length of the Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic Ocean when I met him and was about to leave Miami for the Panama Canal and the Pacific.

While I like *Fishing R Us*, a lot of other people do, too. But *Finnegan's Wake* minimizes potential copiers to a relative handful of people of Irish ancestry.

I must admit to being a more than a bit puzzled by a boat called *Ezekiel 25:17*. In my King James version of the Old Testament that verse reads, "And I will execute great ven-

geance upon them with furious rebukes, and they shall know that I am the LORD, when I shall lay my vengeance upon them." OK.

We have three boats at the moment. Our Ericson 29 cruising sailboat is *Flora Burn*, named for Scottish lady pirate who operated off the east coast of North America before the Revolutionary War. I'm a native Scot and my Canadian wife, Susan, has three-quarters Scots ancestry among her grandparents (the fourth is a Sassenach, Gaelic for "southerner," i.e., English.) Since Susan does most of the helming, *Flora Burn* seemed appropriate.

Our 13' outboard skiff is called *Y Squared*, named by our grandson, Lachlan. Like most kids he learned to drive things that steer with a wheel and had to adjust to steering with a tiller that is pushed right to go left and vice versa. *Y Squared* is the mathematical description of a shape called a parabola, a distorted U that comes in from an infinite distance on one side, swings around a focal point and heads out toward an infinite end on the other, like the positions of a tiller.

I recently sold a Windrider 17 called *This Side Up!* The inspiration came from a guy who sailed a fast and very tender monohull wing boat on the Great Lakes. The bottom of the hull was lettered, "If You Can Read This, Call 911." The Windrider was replaced by a 22' sloop, along with a Sea Pearl 21 cat-ketch. The sloop is as yet nameless but the Sea Pearl came with the name *Namaste* and it's starting to grow on me.

You should never stop thinking up good boat names. I've been musing lately about buying a small cruising trimaran, something about 22'-23' feet with shoal draft for the skinny waters off Southwest Florida where we sail from October to June. Of course, if I do buy one, I know what Susan's choice for a name will be, *Eric's New Home*.